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.163 Beaumont and Fletcher's Maides Tragedy, as it hath beene  
divers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by the King's  
Majesties Servants


FIRST EDITION, *woodcut*

*F. Constable, 1619*

\* \* \* Weber was unable to obtain a sight of this edition, which is of  
the utmost rarity. Not more than two or three copies of  
it are known.

*5. May 21 1857. £1.2.0*





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Journal of the M. V. C.

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# The Maides Tragedy.

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the *Blacke-friers* by  
the *KINGS* Maiesties Seruants.

*By Blauemont and Fletcher*



L O N D O N .

Printed for *Francis Constable* and are to be sold  
at the white Lyon ouer against the great North  
doore of *Pauls Church*. 1619.



## S P E A K E R S.

KING.

LYSIPPVS *brother to the King.*

AMINTOR.

EVADNE, *wife to AMINTOR.*

MELANTIVS } *brothers to EVADNE.*

DIPHILVS }

ASPATIA *troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.*

CALLIANAX *an old humorous Lord, and father to*  
ASPATIA.

CLEON } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO }

DIAGORAS *a servant.*

ANTIPHILA } *waiting Gentlewomen to ASPATIA.*

OLIMPIAS }

DVLA *a Lady.*

NIGHT }

CINTHIA }

NEPTVNE } *Maskers.*

EOLVS }







# The Maydes Tragedy.

## Actus. 1. Scæn. 1.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LISIPPVS, DIPHILVS.

**C**LEON. Thereft are making ready fir,  
LYS. So let them, theres time enough.  
DIPH. You are brother to the King my  
Lord, wee'le take your word.  
LIS. *Strato* thou haft fome skill in poetrie,  
What think'ft thou of a maske, will it be well?

STR. As well as masks can be.

LIS. As masks can be.

STR. Yes, they must commend, and speake in praise of  
the assembly, blesse the Bride and groome, in person of  
some god, there tied to rules of flatterie.

CLE. See good my Lord who is return'd.

LIS. Noble *Melantius*,  
the land by me welcomes thy vertues home, thou that with  
blowes abroad bringst vs our peace at home, the breath  
of Kings is like the breath of gods, my brother wisht thee  
here, and thou art here, he will be kinde; and wearie thee  
with often welcome, but the time doth giue thee a wel-  
come, about his, or all the world.

MEL. My Lord, my thanks, but these scratcht limbes  
of mine, haue spoke my loue and truth vnto my friends,  
more then my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it e-

# The Maydes Tragedy.

uer was to you; where I finde worth  
I loue the keeper, till he let it goe,  
And then I follow it.

DIPH. Haile worthy brother,  
He that reioyces not at your returne  
In safetie, is mine enemy for euer.

MEL. I thanke thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faultie,  
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes  
With me at *Paria*, thou carest not *Diphilus*:  
Twas ill.

DIPH. My noble brother my excuse  
Is my Kings straight command, which you my Lord  
Can witnesse with me.

LIS. Tis most true *Melantius*,  
He might not come till the solemnities  
Of this great match were past.

DIPH. Haue you heard of it.

MEL. Yes, and haue giuen cause to those, that here  
Enuy my deedes abroad, to call me gamefome,  
I haue no other busines here at *Rhodes*.

LIS. We haue a maske to night,  
And you must tread a souldiers measure.

MEL. These soft and silken warres are not for me,  
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd  
That stirs my blood, and then I daunce,  
But is *Amintor* wed?

DIPH. This day?

MEL. All ioyes vpon him, for he is my friend,  
Wonder not that I call a man so young;  
His worth is great, valiant he is,  
And one that neuer thinkes his life his owne,  
If his friend neede it, when he was a boy,  
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)  
I brought home conquest, he would gaze vpon me,  
And view me round, to finde in what one limbe.  
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard,  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand  
Weighes it, he oft would make me smile at this;  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares  
Will see it all perform'd.  
Haile Maide and Wife.

*Enter Aspatia passing  
with attendance.*

Thou faire *Aspatia*, may the holy knot,  
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand  
Of age vndoe't, mayst thou bring a race  
Vnto *Amintor*, that may fill the world  
Successiuelly with souldiers.

As P. My hard fortunes  
Deferue not scorne, for I was neuer proud  
When they were good.

*Exit Aspatia.*

MEL. Howes this.

LIS. You are mistaken sir, she is not married.

MEL. You said *Amintor* was.

DIPH. Tis true, but

MEL. Pardon me, I did receiue  
Letters at *Patria* from my *Amintor*  
That he should marie her.

DIPH. And so it stood,  
In all opinion long, but your arriual  
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

MEL. Who has he taken then?

LIS. A Ladie sir,  
That beares the light aboue her, and strikes dead  
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*  
Your vertuous sister.

MEL. Peace of heart betwixt them,  
But this is strange.

LIS. The King my brother did it  
To honour you, and these solemnities  
Are at his charge.

MEL. Tis royall like himselfe,  
But I am sad, my speech beares so infortunate a sound  
To beautifull *Aspatia*, there is rage  
Hid in her fathers breast *Calianax*,

## The Maydes Tragedy.

Bent long against me and 'a should not thinke,  
Could I but call it backe, that I would take  
Such base reuenges as to scorne the state  
Of his neglected daughter.

L I S. O'twere pittie, for this Lady sir,  
Sits discontented with her wat'rie eyes bent on the earth,  
In vnfrequented woods are her delight,  
Where when she sees a bancke sticke full of flowers,  
Then she will sit, and sigh, and tell  
Her seruants, what a prittie place it were  
To burie louers in, and make her maides  
Pluck'em, and strow them ouer her like a corse,  
She carries with her an infectious grieve,  
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing  
The mournfullst things that euer eare hath heard,  
And swoond, and sing againe, and when the rest  
Of your young Ladyes in their wanton blood,  
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fill the roome  
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke  
Bring forth a storie, of the silent death  
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grieve  
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end  
Shee'll send them weeping one by one away.  
M E L. She has a brother vnder my command  
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,  
But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne  
The number of his yeares.

*Enter Amintor.*

C L E. My Lord the Bridegroome.

M E L. I might run fiercely, not more hastily  
Vpon my foe, I loue thee well *Amintor*,  
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,  
I loy to looke vpon those eyes of thine,  
Thou art my friend, but my disordred speech  
Cuts off my loue.

A M I N. Thou art *Melantins*,  
All loue is spoke in that, a sacrifice  
To thanke the gods, *Melantins* is return'd



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

In safty, victory sits on his sword  
As she was wont, may she build there, and dwell,  
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,  
Onely thy valour and thine innocence,  
What endlesse treasures would our enemies giue,  
That I might hold thee still thus.

MEL. I am poore in words, but credit me young man  
Thy mother could do no more but weep, for ioy to see thee  
After long absence, all the wounds I haue,  
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widdowed mothers: But this is peace  
And that was warre.

AMINT. Pardon thou holy god  
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am for't  
In answere of such noble teares as these,  
To weepe vpon my wedding day.

MEL. I feare thou art growne too cruell, for I heare  
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,  
Forsaken of thee, on what tearmes I know not.

AMINT. She had my promise, but the King forbad it,  
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister  
Accompanied with graces about her,  
With whom I long to loose my lusty youth,  
And grow olde in her armes.

MEL. Be prosperous.

AMINT. My Lord the maskers rage for you.

LIS. We are gone,  
*Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

*Exeunt Lyssippus, Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

AMINT. Weele all attend you, we shall trouble you  
With our solemnities.

MEL. Not so *Amintor.*

But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
In sports, il'e doe as much for you in warre  
When you come thither, but I haue a mistresse  
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,  
I haue a mistresse and she has a heart

# The Maydes Tragedy.

She saies, but trust me, it is stone, no better,  
There is no place that I can challenge gentlemen,  
But you stand still, and here my way lies. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Calianax, and Diagoras.*

CAL. *Diagoras* looke to the dores better for shame, you  
let in all the world, and anon the King will be angry with  
me, why very well said, by *Ioue* the King wil haue the show  
i'th the Court;

DIAG. Why doe you sweare so my Lord,  
You know heele haue it here.

CAL. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

DIAG. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne,

CAL. One must sweat out his heart with swearing, & get  
Thankes on no side, ile be gone, looke too't, who will.

DIAG. My Lord I shall neuer keepe them out,  
Your lookes will terrifie them.

CAL. My lookes terrifie them, you coxcomely asse, ile be  
iudge by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse  
face then I.

DIAG. I meane because they know you, and your office.

CAL. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat  
quite through in my office, I might haue made room at my  
daughters wedding, they ha neere kild her amongst them.  
But now, I must doe seruice for him that hath forsaken her,  
serue that will. *Exit Calianax,*

DIAG. Hee's so humerous since his daughter was forsaken?  
hark, hark, whose there, codes, codes,  
What now? *within* *Knock within*

MEL. Open the dore.

DIAG. Who i't.

MEL. *Melantius.*

DIAG. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope, for if  
you doe, I must returne them. *Enter Melantius*

MEL. None but this Lady sir. *and a Lady.*

DIAG. The Ladies are all plac'd aboue, saue those that  
come in the Kings troope, the best of *Rhodes* sit there,  
there

# The Maydes Tragedy.

there is no roome.

MEL. I thanke you sir, when I haue seene you placed madam, I must attend the King, but the maske done, ile waite on you againe. *Exit Melantius Lady other dore.*

DIAG. Stand backe there, roome for my Lord *Melantius*, pray beare back, this is no place for such youthes and their truls, let the dores shut agen, no; do your heads itch, ile scratch them, so now thrust and hang, againe, who'ist now, I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for giuing way, would he were here, he would run raging amongst them, and breake a dozen heads in the twinckling of an eye, what's the newes now? *within*

I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the maister Cooke?

DIAG. If I open the dore ile cooke some of your calues-heads. Peace rogues? — againe, — who'ist?

MEL. *Melantius?* *within* *Enter Calianax.*

CAL. Let him not in.

DIAG. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plast. *Enter Melantius.*

MEL. Yes sir, I thanke you, my Lord *Calianax*, well met, Your cautelesse hate to me I hope is buried.

CAL. Yes I doe seruice for your sister here, That brings mine owne poore child to timelesse death; She loues your friend *Amintor*, such another false hearted Lord as you.

MEL. You doe me wrong, A most vnmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance, be well aduif'd.

CAL. It may be so, who plac'd the Lady there.

MEL. I did.

CAL. My Lord she must not sit there.

MEL. Why?

CAL. The place is kept for women of more worth.

MEL. More worth then she, it misbecomes your age; And place to be so womanish, forbear, What you haue spoke I am content to thinke.

The



## The Maydes Tragedy.

The palfey shooke your tongue to.

CAL. 'Tis well it I stand here to place mens wenches.

MEL. I shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety,  
and through all, cut that poore sickly weeke thou hast to  
live away from thee.

CAL. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

MEL. Bate me the King, and be of flesh and blood  
Alies that sayes it, thy mother at fifteene  
Was black and sinfull to her.

DIAG. Good my Lord.

(man)

MEL. Some god pluck threescore yeares from that fond  
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honor,  
It is the curse of souldiers that in peace,  
They shall be braued by such ignoble men,  
As (if the land were troubled,) would with teares  
And knees beg succor from 'em, would the blood  
(That sea of blood) that I haue lost in fight,  
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee  
Apt to say lesse, and able to maintaine,  
Shouldst thou say more, — This *Rhodes* I see is nought  
But a place priuiledg'd to doe men wrong.

CAL. I, you may talke your pleasure. *Enter Amintor.*

AMINT. What vilde wrong  
Has sturd my worthy friend, who is as slow  
To fight with words as he is quick of hands,

CAL. That heape of age, which I should reuerence,  
If it were temperate, but tellie yeares  
Are most contemptible.

AMINT. Good sir forbear.

CAL. There is iust such another as your selfe.

AMINT. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,  
And talke as if he had no life to loose

Since this our march: the King is comming in,  
I would not for more wealth then I enioy  
He should perceiue you raging, he did heare  
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

CAL. Make roome there.

*Hoboyes play within*

*Enter*

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

*Enter King Enadue, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.*

*Melantius* thou art welcome, and thy loue  
Is with me still; but this is not a place  
To brable in, *Calianax*, ioynе hands.

CAL. He shall not haue mine hand.

KING. This is no time  
To force you too't I doe loue you both,  
*Calianax* you looke well to your office,  
And you *Melantius* are welcome home,  
Begin the maske.

MEL. Sister I ioy to see you, and your choyce,  
You lookt with my eies when you tooke that man,  
Be happy in him. *Recorders*

EVA. O my deereft brother,  
Your presence is more ioyfull then this day,

## *Maske.*

*Night rises in mists.*

NIG. Our raigne is now, for in the quenching sea  
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day,  
Bright *Cinthia* heare my voyce, I am the night  
For whom thou bearst about, thy borrowed light,  
Appeare, no longer thy pale visage shrowde,  
But strike thy siluer hornes quite through a cloud,  
And send a beame vpon my swarthie face,  
By which I may discouer all the place  
And persons that haue many longing eies,  
Are come to waite on our solemnities. *Enter Cinthia.*  
How dull and black am I, can I not finde  
This beautie without thee, am I so blinde,  
Me thinkes they shew like to those easterne streaks,  
That warne vs hence before the morning breaks,  
Back my pale seruant, for these eies know how,  
To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.  
CINTH. Great Queen they be a troop for whom alone,  
One of my clearest moones I haue put on,

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

A troope that lookes as if thy selfe and I,  
Had pluckt our reines in, and our whips laid by  
To gaze vpon those, that appeare  
Brighter then we.

N I G H. Then let vs keepe 'em here,  
And neuer more our chariots driue away,  
But hold our places and out-shine the day. (speak,

C I N T H. Great Queene of shaddowes you are pleas'd to  
Of more then may be done, we may not breake  
The gods decrees, but when our time is come,  
Must driue away and giue the day our roome.

N I G H. Then shine at full pale Queen, & by that power,  
Produce a birth to, fill this happy houre,  
Of Nymphes and shepheards, and let their songs discover,  
Easie and sweete who is a happy loue,  
Or if thou woot thine owne *Endimion*

From the sweete flowrie banck he lies vpon,  
On *Latmus* brow thy pale beames drawne away,  
And of his long night let him make thy day. (mine,

C I N. Thou dreamst darke power, that faire boy was not  
Nor went I downe to kisse him, ease and winde,  
Haue bred these bold tales, poets when they rage  
Turnes gods to men, and make an houre an age,  
But I will giue a greater state and glory,

And raise to time a nobler memory  
Of what these louers are, rise, rise, I say,  
Thou power of deepes, thy surges laid away,  
*Neptune* great King of waters, and by me  
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

N E P. *Cynthia* see,  
Thy word hath force me hither, let me know  
Why I ascend.

C I N T H. Doth this maiestick show  
Giue thee no knowledge yet.

N E P. Yes, now I see,  
Something entended *Cynthia* worthy thee,  
Go on, ile be a helper.

C I N T H.



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

CINTH. Hie thee then,  
And charge the winde goe from his rockie den,  
Let loose his subiects, onely *Boreas*  
Too foule for our intensions as he was,  
Still keepe him fast chain'd, we must haue none here  
But yeranll blasts and gentle winds appeare,  
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bowes sing,  
Many soft welcome to the lussy spring.  
Bid them draw neere to haue thy watrie race  
Led on in couples, we are pleas'd to grace  
This noble night each in their richest things,  
Your owne deepes or the broken vessels brings,  
Be prodigall and I shall be as kinde,  
And shine at full vpon you.

NEP. See the winde *Enter Eolus out of a Rock,*  
Commanding *Eolus*.

EOL. Great *Neptune*.

NEPT. He.

EOL. What is thy will.

NEPT. We doe command thee free,  
*Fanonius* and thy milder winds to waite  
Vpon our *Cynthia*, but tie *Boreas* straight,  
Hee's rebellious.

EOL. I shall doe it.

NEPT. Doe maister of the flould, and all below  
Thy full command has taken

EOL. O! the Maine

*Neptune*.

NEPT. Here.

EOL. *Boreas* has broke his chaine,  
And strugling with the rest has got away.

NEPT. Let him alone ile take him vp at sea,  
I will not be long thence, goe hence againe  
And bid the other call out of the Maine,  
Blew *Proteus*, and the rest, charge them put on  
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stone  
The beaten rock breeds, till this night is done,

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

By me a solemne honor to the Moone,  
Flie like a full saile.

E O L. I am gone.

C I N T H. Darke night

Strike a full scilence, doe a thorow right

To this great *Chorus*, that our musique may

Touch high as heauen, and make the East breake day

At mid-night.

*Musique*

Song.

Cinthia to thy power and thee  
we obey,

Ioy to this great company  
and no day,

Come to steale this night away  
Till the rights of loue are ended,  
And the lusty Bridegroome say,  
Welcome light of all befriended.

Pace out you waterie powers below,  
let your feete

Like the gallies when they row  
euen beate.

Let your unknowne measures set  
To the still winds, tell to all,  
That gods are come immortall great,  
To honour this great Nuptuall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold back thy houres old night till we haue done,

The day will come too soone,

Young Maydes will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,

And leaue their losses open to the day,

Stay, Stay, and hide  
the blushes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night and with thy darkenesse couer.

the kisses of her lover.

Stay and confound her teares and her loud cryings,

*Her*

# The Maydes Tragedy.

*Her weake denials womes and often dyings,  
Stay and hide all,  
but helpe not if she call.*

Maskers daunce, Neptune leads it

EOL. Ho Neptune.

NEP. Eolus.

EOL. The sea goes hie,  
Boreas has rais'd a storme, goe and apply  
Thy trident, else I prophesie ere day,  
Many a tall ship will be cast away,  
defend with all the gods, and all their powre  
To strike a calme.

CINTH. We thanke you for this houre,  
My fauour to you all to gratulate  
So great a seruice done at my desire,  
Ye shall haue many floods fuller and higher  
Then you haue wisht for, and no eb shall dare,  
To let the day see where your dwellings are.  
Now back vnto your gouernments in hast,  
Least your proud waters should swell about the wast,  
And win vpon the Iland.

*Exeunt Maskers*

NEPT. We obey.

*Descend.*

CIN. Hold vp thy head dead night seest thou not day,  
The East begins to lighten I must downe.  
And giue my brother place.

NIGHT. Oh I could frowne  
To see the day, the day that flings his light  
Vpon my kingdome, and contemnes olde night,  
Let him goe on, and flame, I hope to see  
Another wild fire in his axeltrec,  
And all fall drencht, but I forget, speake Queene,  
The day growes on, I dare no more be seene.

CIN. Once heaue thy drowisie head agen and see  
A greater light a greater Maiestie  
Betweene our seet and vs, lash vp thy teame  
The day breaks here, and yon sun flaring streame  
Shot from the south, say which way wilt thou goe.



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

NIGHT. Ile vanish into mists.

*Exeunt.*

CINTH. Adew.

KING. Take light their Ladyes, get the Bride to bed,  
We will not see you laid, good night *Amintor*,  
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremony,  
Were it my case I should thinke time runne slow  
If thou beest noble youth, get me a boy  
That may defend my Kingdomes from my foes.

AMINT. All happinesse to you.

KING. Good night *Melantius*. -

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DVLA, and other Ladyes.*

DVL. Madame shall we vndresse you for this fight,  
The wars are nak't that you must make to night.

EVAD. You are merry *Dula*.

DVL. I should be far merrier Madame, if it were with me  
As it is with you.

EVAD. Howes that? (you doe.)

DVL. That I might goe to bed with him with credit that

EVAD. Why how now wench.

DVL. Come Ladyes, will you helpe.

EVAD. I am soone vndone.

DVL. And as soone done,

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

EVAD. Art thou drunke *Dula*.

DVL. Why heres none but we.

EVAD. Thou thinkst belike there is no modesty  
When we're alone.

DVL. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts right.

EVAD. You prick me Madame.

I. LAD. Tis against my will.

DVL. Anon you must indure more and lie still,  
Tis best to practise.

EVAD. Sure this wench is mad.

DVL. No faith, this is a trick that I haue had

Since

# The Maydes Tragedy.

Since I was foureteene.

E V A D. Tis time to leaue it.

D V L. Nay now ile keepe it till the trick leaue me,  
A dozen wanton words put in your head,  
Will make you liuelier in your husbands bed.

E V A D. Nay faith then take it.

D V L. Take it Madame, where,  
We all will take it I hope that are here.

E V A D. Nay then ile giue you ore.

D V L. So will I make  
The ablest man in *Rhodes* or his heart ake.

E V A D. Wilt lie in my place to night.

D V L. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

E V A D. What wilt thou doe.

D V L. Madame wee le doo't and make'm leaue play too.

E V A D. *Aspatia* take her part.

D V L. I will refuse it,  
She will pluck downe aside, she does not vse it.

E V A D. Doe I prethee.

D V L. You will finde the play  
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

E V A D. I thanke thee *Dula*, would thou couldest instill  
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*,

Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwell,  
Me thinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.

D V L. She is in loue, hang me if I were so,  
But I could run my Countrey I loue too,  
To doe those things that people in loue doe.

A S P. It were a timelesse smile should proue my cheeke,

It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the Alter the religious Priest,

Were passifying the offended powers,

With sacrifice, then now, this should haue beene

My right, and all your hands haue bin imployd,

In giuing me a spotlesse offering

To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now,

For you pardon *Enadne*, would my worth

Were

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

Were great as yours, or that the King or he  
Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,  
But till he did so, in these eares of mine,  
These credulous eares, he powred the sweetest words  
That art or loue could frame, if he were false  
Pardon it heauen, and if I did want

Vertue, you safely may forgiue that too,  
For I haue lost none that I had from you.

E V A D. Nay leaue this sad talke Madame.

A S P. Would I could, then I should leaue the cause.

E V A D. Loe if you haue not spoild all *Dulas* mirth.

A S P. Thou thinkst thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught  
remember me; thou shalt perceiue a fire  
shot suddenly vnto thee.

D V L. Thats not so good, let 'em shoot any thing  
but fire, and I feare in nor.

A S P. Well wench thou must be taken.

E V A D. Ladies good night, Ile doe the rest my selfe.

D V L. Nay let your Lord doe some.

A S P. Madame good night, may all the mariage ioyes  
That longing maides imagine in their beds

Proue so vnto you, may not discontent

Grow twixt your loue and you, but if there doe,

Enquire of me and I will guide your mone,

And teach you an artificiall way to grieue,

To keepe your sorrow waking, loue your Lord

No worse then I, but if you loue so well,

Alas you may displease him, so did I,

This is the last time you shall looke on me:

Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,

Come all and watch one night about my hearse.

Bring each a mournfull storie and a teare,

To offer at it when I goe to earth;

With flattering luy claspe my coffin round,

Write on my brow my fortune, let my beere

Be borne by Virgins that shall sing by course,

The truth of maides, and periuries of men.

E V A D.



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

EVAD. Alas I pittie thee.

*Exit Euadne.*

OMNES. Madame good night.

I. LAD. Come weele let in the Bridegroome.

DVL. Where's my Lord?

I. LAD. Here take this light.

*Enter Amintor.*

DVL. Heele finde her in the darke.

I. LAD. Your Ladye's scarfe a bed, you must helpe her.

ASP. Goe and be happy in your Ladyes loue,

May all the wrongs that you haue done to me,

Be vtterly forgotten in my death,

Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take

A parting kisse, and will not be denied,

You'le come my Lord and see the virgins weepe,

When I am laid in earth; though you your selfe

Can know no pittie, thus I winde my selfe

Into this willow garland, and am prouder

That I was once your loue, (though now refus'd)

Then to haue had another true to me.

So with praiers I leaue you, and must trie

Some, yet vnpractis'd way to grieue and die.

DVL. Come Ladies will you goe.

*Exit Aspatia.*

I. LAD. Good night my Lord.

AMIN. Much happinesse vnto you all.

*Exe: Ladies.*

I did that Lady wrong, me thinkes I feelee

A grieffe shoot suddenly through all my veines,

Mine eyes raine, this is strange at such a time,

It was the King first mou'd me too't, but he

Has not my will in keeping, — why did I

perplex my selfe thus; something whispers me,

Goe not to bed, my guilt is not so great

as mine owne conscience, too sensible

Would make me thinke, I onely breake a promise,

And twas the King inforst me, timerous flesh,

Why shakst thou so, away my idle feares, *Enter Euadne*

Yonder is she, the Instur of whose cie,

Can blot away the sad remembrance

Of all these things : — oh my *Euadne* spare

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

That tender body, let it not take cold,  
The vapors of the night shall not fall here,  
To bed my loue, *Hymen* will punish vs,  
For being slack performers of his rights,  
Camst thou to call me.

EVAD. No?

AMINT. Come, come, my loue,  
And let vs loose our selues to one another,  
Why art thou vp so long.

EVAD. I am not well.

AMINT. To bed; then let me winde thee in these armes,  
Till I haue banisht sicknesse.

EVAD. Good my Lord I cannot sleepe.

AMIN. *Eudae* weele watch, I meane no sleeping.

EVAD. Ile not goe to bed.

AMIN. I prethee doe.

EVAD. I will not for the world.

AMIN. Why my deere loue.

EVAD. Why? I haue sworne I will not.

AMIN. Sworne! EVAD. I?

AMIN. How? sworne *Eudae*.

EVAD. Yes, sworne *Amintor*, and will sweare againe.  
If you will wish to heare me.

AMIN. To whom haue you sworne this.

EVAD. If I should name him the matter were not great.

AMIN. Come, this is but the coyneffe of a bride.

EVAD. The coyneffe of a bride.

AMIN. How pretillie that frowne becomes thee.

EVAD. Doe you like it so.

AMIN. Thou canst not dresse thy face in such a looke,  
But I shall like it.

EVAD. What looke will like you best.

AMIN. Why doe you aske.

EVAD. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you,

AMIN. Howes that.

EVAD. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

AMIN. I prethee put thy iests in milder lookes,

# The Maydes Tragedy.

It shewes as thou wert angry.

EVAD. So perhaps I am indeede.

AMIN. Why, who has done thee wrong,  
Name me the man, and by thy selfe sweete loue,  
Thy yet vnconquered selfe, I will reuenge it.

EVAD. Now I shall trie thy truth, if thou doest loue me.  
Thou waighst not any thing compar'd to me,  
Life, honour, ioyes eternall, all delights  
The world can yeeld, are light as aire  
To a true louer when his Lady frownes,  
And bids him doe this, wilt thou kill this man,  
Sweare my *Amintor*, and ile kisse the sun  
Of thy lips.

AMIN. I wonnot swear sweet loue, till I know the cause.

EVAD. I woud thou wouldst,  
Why, it is thou that wrongst me, I hate thee,  
Thou should'st haue kild thy selfe.

AMIN. If I should know that, I should quickly kill  
The man you hated.

EVAD. Know it, and doo'r.

AMIN. Oh no, what looke so ere thou should'st put on,  
To trie my faith, I cannot thinke thee false,  
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face  
Where falsehood should abide, leaue, and to bed,  
If you haue sworne to any of the virgins  
That were your olde companions to preserue  
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done  
Without this meanes.

EVAD. A maidenhead *Amintor* at my yeares.

AMIN. Sure she raues, this cannot be,  
Her naturall temper, shall I call thy maides,  
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,  
Or else some feauer rages in thy blood.

EVAD. Neither of these, what thinke you I am mad,  
Because I speake the truth.

AMIN. Is this the truth, wil you not lie with me to night.

EVAD. You talke as if you thought I would hereafter.



# The Maydes Tragedy.

AMIN. Hereafter, yes I doe.

EVD. You are deceiu'd, put off amazement & with pati-  
What I shall vtter, for the Oracle (ence mark,  
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night

Or two that I forbeare your bed, but euer.

AMIN. I dreame, — awake *Amintor*.

EVD. You heare right,

I sooner would finde out the beds of Snakes,  
And with my youthfull blood warme their cold flesh,  
Letting them curl themselues about my limbes,  
Then sleepe one night with thee; this is not faine,  
Nor sounds it like the kisses of a bride.

AMIN. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this,  
Are these the ioyes of marriage, *Hymen* keepe  
This story (that will make succeeding youth  
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all eares.

Let it not rise vp for thy shame and mine  
To after ages, we will scoine thy lawes,  
If thou no better blesse them, touch the heart  
Of her whom thou hast sent me, or the world  
Shall know this, not an altar then will smooke

In praise of thee, we will adopt vs sonnes,  
Then vertue shall inherit and not blood,  
If we doe lust, we'll take the next we meet;

Seruing our selues as other creatures doe,

And neuer take note of the female more,

Nor of her issue: I doe rage in vaine,

She cannot iest; Oh pardon me my loue,

So deare the thoughts are which I hold of thee,

That I must breake forth; satisfie my feare,

It is a paine beyond the paine of death,

To be in doubt; consume it with an oath,

If this be true.

EVD. Doe you inuent the forme,

Let there be in it all the binding wordes

Diuels and coniurers can put together,

And I will take it, I haue sworne before,

And

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

And here by all things holy doe againe,  
Neuer to be acquainted with thy bed,  
Is your doubt ouer now.

AMIN. I know too much, would I had doubted still,  
Was euer such a mariage night as this :  
You powers aboue, if you did euer meane  
Man should be vs'd thus, you haue thought a way  
How he may beare himselfe, and saue his honour :  
Instant me with it, for to my dull eyes  
There is no meane, no moderate course to runne,  
I must lue scorn'd or be a murderer :  
Is there a third, why is this night so calme,  
Why does not heauen speake in thundet to vs,  
And drowne their voyce.

EVAD. This rage will doe no good.

AMIN. *Euadne*, heare me, thou hast tane an oath,  
But such a rash one, that to keepe it were  
Worse then to sweare it, call it backe to thee,  
Such vowes as that neuer ascend the heauen,  
A teare or two will wash it quite away,  
Haue mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,  
If thou be pittifull, for without boast  
This land was proud of me, what Lady was there  
That men eald faire, and vertuous in this Isle  
That would haue shund my loue, it is in thee  
To make me hold this worch—Oh we vaine men  
That trust all our reputation  
To rest vpon the weake and yeelding hand  
Of feeble woman, but thou art not stone,  
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doe dwell  
The spirit of loue, thy heart cannot be hard,  
Come leade me from the bottome of dispaire,  
To all the toyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,  
And make me carefull least the sudden change  
Ore-come my spirits.

EVAD. When I call back this oath, the paines of hell  
inuiroon me.

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

AMIN. I sleepe and am to temperate, come to bed,  
Or by those haire which if thou hast a soule; like to thy  
Were threads for Kings to weare (locks,  
About their armes.

EVAD. Why so perhaps they are.

AMIN. Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue  
Vndoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh  
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life.

EVAD. I feare thee not, doe what thou darst to me,  
Euery ill sounding word, or threatning looke  
Thou shewest to me, will be reueng'd at full.

AMIN. It will not sure *Euadne*.

EVAD. Doe not you hazard that.

AMIN. Ha ye your Champions.

EVAD. Alas *Aminor* thinkst thou I forbear  
To sleepe with thee, because I haue put on  
A maidens strictnesse, looke vpon these cheekes,  
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood  
Vnapt for such a vow, no, in this heart  
There dwels as much desire, and as much will,  
To put that wished act, as euer yet  
Was knowne to woman, and they haue been showne  
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,  
To thinke this beauty, to what land soe're  
It shall be cald, shall stoope to any second,  
I doe enioy the best, and in that height  
Haue sworne to stand or die, you guesse the man.

AMIN. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,  
That I may cut his body into mottes,  
And scatter it before the Northen winde.

EVAD. You dare not strike him.

AMIN. Doe not wrong me so,  
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,  
That it were death to touch, I haue a soule  
Will throw me on him.

EVAD. Why tis the King.

AMIN. The King.

EVAD



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

EVAD. What will you doe now ?

AMIN. It is not the King.

EVAD. What did he make this match for dull *Amintor*.

AMIN. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away

All thoughts reuengefull, in that sacred word,

The King, there lies a terror, what fraile man

Dares lift his hand against it, let the Gods

Speake to him when they please, till when let vs.

Suffer, and waite.

EVAD. Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,

And haste so to my bed, I am no virgin.

AMIN. What Diuell hath put it in thy fancy then

To mary mee.

EVAD. Alas, I must haue one

To father children, and to beare the name

Of husband to me, that my sinne may be

More honorable.

AMIN. What strange thing am I ?

A miserable one, one that my selfe

Am sory for.

AMIN. Why shew it then in this,

If thou hast pittie, though thy loue be none,

Kill me, and all true louers that shall loue

In after ages crost in their desires,

Shall blesse thy memorie, and call thee good,

Because such mercy in thy breast was found,

To rid a lingring wretch.

EVAD. I must haue one

To fill thy roome againe if thou wert dead,

Else by this night I could, I piny thee.

AMIN. These strange and sudden iniuries haue fallen

So thick vpon me, that I lose all sense

Of what they are, me thinkes I am not wrong'd,

Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world

I can but hide it——reputation

Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast showne

An impudence so high, that to the world

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

EVAD. To couer shame, I tooke thee neuer feare,  
That I would blaze my selfe.

AMIN. Nor let the King  
Know I conceiue he wrongs me, then mine honour  
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh  
Could beare with patience, and it is some ease  
To me in these extreames, that I know this  
Before I toucht thee, else had all the sinnes  
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,  
I had gone through, e'ne to his hart and thine  
I haue left one desire, tis not his crowne  
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolute  
He has dishonour'd thee, giue me thy hand,  
Be carefull of thy credit, and sinne close  
Tis all I wish, vpon thy chamber floure  
He rest to night, that morning visiters  
May thinke we did as married people vse,  
And prethee smile vpon me when they come,  
And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleas'd  
With what I did.

EVAD. Feare not, I will doe this.

AMIN. Come let vs practise, and as wantonly  
As euer longi'g bride and bridegroome met,  
Lets laugh and enter here.

EVAD. I am content.

Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart,  
When we walke thus intwind let all eyes see,  
If euer louers better did agree.

*Exit.*

*Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, Olimpias.*

ASP. Away you are not, force it no further,  
Good, good, how well you looke, such a full colour  
Young bashfull brides put on, sure you are new married.

ANT. Yes Madame to your griefe.

ASP. Alas poore wench  
Goe learne to loue first, learne to lose your selues,  
Learne to be flattered, and belecue and blesse

*The*

# The Maydes Tragedy.

The double tongue that did it,  
Did you ere loue yet wenches, speake *Olimpas*,  
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp.  
O L M. Neuer.

A S P. Nor you *Antiphila*. A N T. Nor I.

A S P. Then my good girles be more then women wise,  
At least, be more then I was, come lets be sad my girles,  
That downe cast of thine eye *Olimpias*,  
Showes a faind sorrow; marke *Antiphila*,  
Iust such another was the Nymph *Oenes*,  
When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*, now a teare,  
And then thou art a peece expressing furie,  
The *Carthage* Queene when from a cold Sea rock,  
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes,  
To the faire *Troian* ships, hauing lost them,  
Iust as thine does, downe stole a teare! *Antiphila*,  
What would this wench doe if she were *Aspatia*,  
Here she would stand, till some more, pittying god  
Turnd her to Marble, tis enough my wench,  
Show me the peece of needle worke you wrought.

A N T. Of *Ariadne* Madame?

A S P. Yes that peece,  
This should be *Thesens*, has a coufening face,  
You ment him for a man.

A N T. He was so Madame.

A S P. Why then tis well enough, neuer looke black,  
You haue a full winde, and a false heart *Thesens*,  
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,  
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other  
Met with his vessell.

A N T. Not as I remember.

A S P. It should ha been so, could the Gods know this,  
And none of all their number raise a storme,  
But they are all as ill, this false smile was exprest well,  
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so  
*Antiphila*, in this place worke a quick-sand,  
And ouer it a shallow smiling water,

E

And



# The Maydes Tragedy.

And ouer it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare,  
Doe that feare brauely wench.

OLIM. Twill wrong the storie.

ASP. Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton Poets,  
Liue long and be belceu'd, but wheres the Lady.

ANT. There Madame.

ASP. Fie, you haue mist it there *Antipila*,  
You are much mistaken wench:

These colours are not dull and pale enough,  
To show a soule so full of miserie

As this poore Ladies was, doe it by me,

Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspatia*,

And you will find all true but the wilde Iland,

Suppose I stand vpon the Sea, breach now

Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,

Wilde as the place she was in, let all about me

Beteares of my story, doe my face,

If thou hadst euer feeling of a sorrow,

Thus, thus, *Antipila* make me looke good gile

Like sorrowes mount, and the trees about me

Let them be dry and leauelesse, let the rocks

Groane with continuall surges, and behind me

Make all a desolation, see, see wenches,

A miserable life of this poore picture.

OLIM. Deare Madame.

ASP. I haue done, sit downe, and let vs

Vpon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there;

Make a dumbe silence till you feele a sudden sadnesse

Giue vs new soules.

*Enter Calimach.*

CAL. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it,

My childe is wrongd, disgrac'd, well, how now huswiues,

What at your ease, is this a time to sit still, vp you young

Lazie whores, vp or ile swenge you.

OLIM. Nay good my Lord.

CAL. You'll lie downe shortly, in and whine there,

What are you growne so rustie you want heares,

We

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

We shall haue some of the Court boyes hear you shortly.

ANT. Good my Lord be not angry, we doe nothing  
But what my Ladies pleasure is, we are thus in griefe,  
She is forsaken..

CAL. Theres a rogue too,  
A slie dissembling slaue, well? get you in,  
He haue about with that boy, tis his time  
Now to be valiant, I confesse my youth  
Was neuer prone that way,  
A Court stale, well I must be valiant,  
And beate some dozen of these whelps, and theres  
Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,  
He maule that rascall, has out-brau'd me twice,  
But now I thanke the Gods I am valiant,  
Goe, get you in, he take a course with all. *Exeunt om.*

## *Actus Tertius.*

*Enter CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILVS.*

CLE. Your sister is not vp yet.

DIPH. Our brides must take their mornings rest,  
The night is troublesome,

STRA. But not tedious, *(night.)*

DIPH. What ods, hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

STRA. None, its ods against any bridegrome liuing, he  
nere gets it while he liues.

DIPH. Yare merry with my sister, you'le please to al-  
low me the same freedome with your mother.

STRA. Shees at your seruice.

DIPH. Then shees merry enough of herselfe, shee needs  
no tickling, knock at the dore.

STRA. We shall interrupt them.

DIPH. No matter they haue the yeare before them,  
good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night  
will come againe. *Enter Amintor.*

AMIN. Whose there my brother, I am no readier yet,  
your sister is but now vp.

DIPH. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I  
thinke

# The Maydes Tragedy.

thinke you ha not slept.

AMIN. Ifaith I did not.

DIP. You haue done better then.

AMIN. We haue ventured for a boy, when hee is twelue,  
a shall command against the foes of Rhodes,  
shall we be merry.

STRA. You cannot, you want sleepe,

AMIN. Tis true, but she

As if she had drunke *Lethe*, or had made

Euen with heauen, did fetch so still a sleepe, *aside.*  
So sweet and sound.

DIP. Whats that?

AMIN. Your sister frets this morning, and doth  
turne her eyes vpon mee, as people on the headf-  
man, she does chafe, and kisse and chafe, and clap  
my cheeks, shees in another world.

DIP. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not got  
her maidenhead to night.

AMIN. Ha, does hee not mocke mee, y'ad lost indeed  
I doe not bungle.

CLEO. You doe deserue her.

AMIN. I laid my lips to hers, and that wilde breach  
That was so rude and rough to me, last night  
Was sweete as Aprill, ile be guilty too,  
If these be the effects.

*Enter Melantius.*

MEL. Good day *Aminor*, for to me the name  
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,  
And that is nearer.

AMIN. Deare *Melantius*,  
Let me behold thee, is it possible.

MEL. What sudden gaze is this.

AMIN. Tis wondrous strange.

MEL. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view  
Of that it knowes so well? theres nothing here  
That is not thine.

AMIN. I wonder much *Melantius*.

To see those noble lookes that make me thinke,

How



# The Maydes Tragedy.

How vertuous thou art, and on this sudden  
Tis strange to me, thou shouldst haue worth and honour;  
Or not be base and false, and treacherous,  
And euery ill.

M<sup>E</sup>L. Say, stay my friend,

Ifeare this sound will not become our loues, no more em-

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. Oh mistake me not, (brace me.

I know thee to be full of all those deeds,

That we fraile men call good, but by the course

Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd,

As are the windes dissembling, as the Sea,

That now weares browes as smooth as virgins be,

Tempting the Merchant to inuade his face,

And in an houre call his billowes vp,

And shoot em at the Sun, destroying all

A carries on him, Oh how neare am I

To vtter my sicke thoughts. *aside.*

M<sup>E</sup>L. Why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. I haue wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts  
enow for one whole familie, and it is strange,

That you should feele no want.

M<sup>E</sup>L. Beleue me this is cōplement too cunning for me.

D<sup>I</sup>P. What should I be then by the course of nature,

They hauing both robd me of so much vertue.

S<sup>T</sup>R<sup>A</sup>. Oh call the bride my Lord *Amintor*, that wee may  
see her blush, and turne her eyes downe, it is the prittiest  
sport.

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. *Enadns.*

E<sup>V</sup>A<sup>D</sup>. My Lord. *within.*

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. Come forth my loue,

Your brothers doe attend to wish you ioy.

E<sup>V</sup>A<sup>D</sup>. I am not ready yet.

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. Enough, enough,

E<sup>V</sup>A<sup>D</sup>. They'le mocke me.

A<sup>M</sup>I<sup>N</sup>. Faith thou shalt come in. *Enter Enadns.*

M<sup>E</sup>L. Good morrow sister, he that vnderstands

Whom you haue wed, need not to wish you ioy,

# The Maydes Tragedy.

You haue enough, take heed you be not proud.

DIPH. O sister what haue you done.

EVAD. Why what haue I done?

STRA. My Lord *Amin* swears you are no maid now.

EVAD. Push.

STRA. Ifaith he does.

EVAD. I knew I should be mockt.

DIPH. With a truth.

EVAD. If twere to do againe, in faith I would not mary.

AMIN. Nor I by heauen.

DIP. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two roomes

EVAD. Fie how you talke.

(off.)

DIPH. Lets see you walke.

EVAD. By my troth y'are spoild.

MEL. *Amin*tor. AMIN. Ha.

MEL. Thou art sad.

AMIN. Who I, I thanke you for that, shall *Diphilus* thou and I sing a catch.

MEL. How? AMIN. Prethee lets.

MEL. Nay thats too much the other way,

AMIN. I am so heighned with my happinesse, how dost thou loue, kisse me.

EVAD. I cannot loue you, you tell tales of me.

AMIN. Nothing but what becomes vs, Gentlemen

Would you had all such wiues, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder, y'are all sad,

What doe you enuie me, I walke me thinkes

On water, and nere sinke I am so light.

MEL. Tis well you are so.

AMIN. Well? can you be other when shee lookes thus,

Is there no musike there, lets dance.

MEL. Why? this is strange.

AMIN. I do not know my selfe, yet I could wish my ioy

DIPH. Ile marrie if it will make one thus. (were lesse.)

EVAD. *Amin*tor, haire.

*Aside*

AMIN. What sayes my loue I must obey.

EVAD. You doe it scuruiely, twill be perceiu'd.

*Exit*

# The Maydes Tragedy.

CLER. My Lord the King is here. *Enter King & Lispe*

AMIN. Where. STRA. And his brother.

KING. Good morrow all.

*Amintor* Ioy on ioy fall thicke vpon thee,

But Madame you are alterd since I saw you,

I must salute you, you are now anothers,

How lik't you your nights rest. EVA D. Ill sir.

AMIN. Indeepe she tooke but little.

LIS. You'le let her take more, & thanke her too shortly.

KING. *Amintor* wert thou truly honest till thou wert

AMIN. Yes sir. (married.

KING. Tell me how then shewes the sport to you.

AMIN. Why well? KING. What did you doe.

AMIN. no more nor lesse then other couples vse,

You know what tis, it has but a course name.

KING. But prethee I should thinke by her black eie

And her red cheeke, she should be quick and stirring

In this same businesse; ha?

AMIN. I cannot tell I nere tried other sir, but I perceiue

She is as quick as you deliuered.

KING. Well youle trust me then *Amintor*,

To choose a wife for you agen.

AMIN. No neuer sir.

KING. Why? like you this so ill.

AMIN. So well I like her,

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And vnto heauen will pay my gratefull tribute

Hourelly, and doe hope we shall draw out,

A long contented life together here,

And die both full of gray haire in one day,

for which the thanks is yours, but if the powers

That rule vs, please to call her first away,

Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife

Worthy to take her roome.

*Aside*

KING. I doe not like this; all forbear the roome

But you *Amintor* and your Lady, I haue some speech that

Concerne your after living well,

(may

AMINT.



## The Maydes Tragedy.

AMIN. A will not tell me that he lies with her, if hee doe,  
For it is apt to thrust this arme of mine to acts vnlawfull.

KING. You will suffer me to talke with her *Aminor*,  
And not haue iealous pangs.

AMIN, Sir, I dare trust my wife,  
When she dares to talke, and not be iealous.

KING. How doe you like *Aminor*.

EVAD. As I did sir. KING. Howes that?

EVAD. As one that to fulfill your pleasure,  
I haue giuen leaue to call me wife and loue.

KING. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,  
They that breake word with heauen, will breake agen  
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

EVAD. How sir.

KING. This subtile womans ignorance  
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes  
So great, that me thought they did mis become  
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst nere inioy  
A man but me.

EVAD. I neuer did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

KING. Day and night haue heard it.

EVAD. I swore indeede that I would neuer loue  
A man of lower place, but if your fortune  
Should throw you from this hight, I bad you trust  
I would forsake you, and would bend to him  
That won your throne, I loue with my ambition,  
Nor with my eies, but if I euer yet  
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here  
Vpon my face, which for your rioyaltie  
I would not staine.

KING. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me  
To punish thee.

EVAD. Why, it is in me then, not to loue you, which will  
More afflict your bodie, then your punishment can mine.

KING. But thou hast let *Aminor* lie with thee.

EVAD. I cannot.

KING. Impudence, he saies himselfe so.

EVAD.

# The Maydes Tragedy.

EVAD. A lies. KING. A does not.

EVAD. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and  
He prooue it so, I did not onely shun him for a night,  
But told him I would neuer close with him.

KING. Speake lower, tis false.

EVAD. I am no man to answer with a blow,  
Or if I were, you are the King, but vrge not, tis most true.

KING. Doe not I know the vncontrouled thoughts,  
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,  
With expectation and desire of that  
He long hath waited for, is not his spirit  
Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine  
As this our age hath knowne, what could he doe  
If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,  
But ruine thee for euer, if he had not kild thee  
He could not beare it thus, he is as we  
Or any other wrong'd man.

EVAD. This is dissembling,  
*Amator*, thou hast an ingenious looke,  
And should'it be vertuous, it amazeth me  
That thou should'it make such base malicious lies.

AMIN. What my deere wife.

EVAD. Deere wife, I doe despise thee,  
Why nothing can be baser then to sow  
Discention amongst louers,

AMIN. Louers? who.

EVAD. The King and I.

AMIN. Oh God.

EVAD. Who should liue long and loue without distast,  
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy selfe,  
Did you lie with me, sweare now, and be punisht in hell  
For this.

AMIN. The faithlesse sin I made  
To faire *Aspatia*, is not yet reueng'd,  
It followes me, I will not loose a word  
To this wilde woman, but to you my King,  
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth,

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

Yare a tirant, and not so much to wrong  
An honest man thus, as to take a pride  
In talking with him of it.

EVAD. Now sir, see how loud this fellow lies.

AMIN. You that can know to wrong, shold know how  
Men must right themselves, what punishment is due,  
From me to him that shall abuse my bed,  
It is not death, nor can that satisfie,  
Vnlesse I show how nobly I haue freed my selfe.

KING. Draw not thy sword, thou knowst I cannot feare  
A subiects hand, but thou shalt feele the weight  
Of this if thou doest rage.

AMIN. The waite of that,

If you haue any worth, for heauens sake thinke  
I feare not swords, for as you are meere man,

I dare as easily kill you for this deede,  
As you dare thinke to doe it, but there is

Diuinitie about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions, as you are my King.

I fall before you and present my sword,

To cut mine owne flesh if it be your will.

Alas! I am nothing but a multitude of  
walking griefes, yet should I murder you,

I might before the world take the excuse

Of madnesse, for compare my injuries,

And they will well appeare too sad a weight

For reason to endure, but fall I first

Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous sword

Touch holy things, but why? I know not what

I haue to say, why did you choose out me

To make thus wretched, there are thousands

Easie to worke on, and of state enough

Within the Land.

EVAD. I wold not haue a foole, it were no credit for me,

AMINT. Worse and worse,

Thou that darst talke vato thy husband thus,

Professe thy selfe a whore, and more then so,

Resolue



# The Maydes Tragedy.

Resoule to be so still, is it my fault,  
To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,  
To keepe that little credit with the world,  
But there were wise ones to, you might haue tane another,  
KING. No, for I beleue thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

AMIN. All the happinesse  
Bestowd vpon me turnes into disgrace,  
Gods take your honesty againe, for I  
Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King  
Be priuate in it.

KING. Thou maist liue *Aminor*,  
Free as thy King, if thou wilt winke at this,  
And be a meanes that we may meet in secret,

AMIN. A baud, hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse  
Ceaze me, if I forget not all respects

That are religious, on an other word  
Seconded like that, and through a Sea of finnes  
Will wade to my reuenge, though I should call  
Plagues here, and after life, vpon my soule.

KING. Well, I am resolute, you lay with her,  
And so I leaue you. *Exit King.*

EVA. You must needs be prating, and see what follows.

AMIN. Prethee vex me not,  
Leaue me, I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murther on me.

EVA. I am gone, I loue my life well. *Exit Euadne.*

AMIN. I hate mine as much,  
This tis to breake a troth, I should be glad,  
If all this tide of griefe would make me mad. *Exit.*

*Enter Melantius.*

MEL. Ile know the cause of all *Aminors* griefes,  
Or friendship shall be idle. *Enter Calianax.*

CAL. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die.

MEL. Trust me I am sory, would thou hadst tane her part.

CAL. Thou art a slaue, a cut-throat slaue, a bloody—

MEL. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to raue,  
And lose thine office.

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

CAL. I am valiant growne,  
At all these yeares, and thou art but a slaue.

MEL. Some companie will come, and I respect  
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish  
To laugh at thee alone.

CAL. Ile spoile your mirth, I meane to fight with thee,  
There lie my cloake, this was my fathers sword,  
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

MEL. Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life,  
hence get thee to bed, haue carefull looking to, and  
eate warme things, and trouble not mee, my head is  
full of thoughts, more waighty then thy life or death  
can be.

CAL. You haue a name in warre, where you stand safe  
Amongst a multitude, but I will try,  
What you dare doe vnto a weake old man,  
In single fight you'll giue ground I feare,  
Come draw.

MEL. I will not draw, vnlesse thou pulst thy death  
Vpon thee with a stroke, theres no one blow  
That thou canst giue hast strength enough can kill me,  
Tempt me not so far then, the power of earth  
Shall not redeeme thee.

CAL. I must let him alone,  
Hees stout, and able, and to say the truth,  
How euer I may set a face and talke,  
I am not valiant, when I was a youth  
I kept my credit with a testie trick,  
I had mongst cowards, but durst neuer fight.

MEL. I will not promise to preserue your life if you  
doe stay.

CAL. I would giue halfe my land that I durst fight  
with that proud man a little, if I had men to holde  
him, I would beate him, till hee askt mee mer-  
cie.

MEL. Sir will you begone?

CAL. I dare not stay, but I will beate my seruants all

# The Maydes Tragedy.

ouer for this.

*Exit Calimach.*

MEL. This old fellow haunts me,  
But the distracted carriage of mine *Aminor*,  
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause,  
I feare his conscience cries, he wrongd *Aspatia*.

*Enter Aminor.*

AMIN. Mans eyes are not subtile to perceiue.  
My inward miserie, I beare my griefe  
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then,  
For ought I know all husbands are like me,  
And euery one I talke with of his wife,  
Is but a well dissembler of his woes.  
As I am, would I knew it for the rarenesse  
Afflicts me now.

MEL. *Aminor*, we haue not enioy'd our friendship of late,  
for we were wont to charge our soules in talke.

AMIN. *Melantius*, I can tell the a good test of *Strato*,  
and a Lady the last day.

MEL. How wast;

AMIN. Why such an odde one.

MEL. I haue longd to speake with you, not of an idle  
iust thats forst, but of matter you are bound to vtter  
to me.

AMIN. What is that my friend?

MEL. I haue obseru'd your wordes fall from your tongue  
Wildely, and all your carriage  
Like one that striues to shew his merry moode,  
When he were ill dispos'd, you were not wont  
To put such scorue into your speech—yow weare  
Vpon your face ridiculous iollity,  
Some sadnesse sits heere, which your tongue would  
Couer ore with smiles, and twill not be,  
What is it?

AMIN. A sadnesse here, what cause  
Can Fate prouide for me to make me so,  
Am I not lou'd through all this Isle, the King  
Raines greatnesse on me, haue I not receiued



## The Maydes Tragedy.

A Lady to my bed, that in her eye  
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender cheekes  
Immutable colour, in her heart  
A prison for all vertue, are not you,  
Which is about all ioyes, my constant friend:  
What saddnesse can I haue, no, I am light,  
And feele the courses of my blood more warme  
And stirring then they were; faith marry too,  
And you will feele so vnexpress'd a ioy  
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed  
Apppeare another.

MEL. You may shape *Aminor*  
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,  
And your selfe too, and tis not like a friend,  
To hide your soule from me, tis not your nature  
To be thus idle, I haue seene you stand,  
As you were blasted midst of all your mirth,  
Call thrice aloud, and then start, sayning ioy  
So coldly, world? what doe I here, a friend  
Is nothing, heauen I would ha told that man  
My secret sinnes, ile search an yknowne land,  
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,  
Come with a complement, I would haue fought,  
Or told my friends a lied, ere soothd him so;  
Out of my bosome.

AMIN. But there is nothing.

MEL. Worse and worse, farewell;  
From this time haue acquaintance, but no friend.

AMIN. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

MEL. See how you plead with friendship, be aduis'd  
How you giue cause vnto your selfe to say,  
You ha lost a friend.

AMIN. Forgiue what I ha done,  
For I am so ore-gon with miseries,  
Vnheard of, that I lose consideration  
Of what I ought to do, —oh—oh.

MEL. Doe not weepe, what ist?

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

May I once but know the man  
Hath turnd my friend thus.

AMIN. I had spoke at first, but that,

MEL. But what?

AMIN. I held it most vnfit

For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

MEL. Thou see'st my loue, that will keep company

With thee in teares, hide nothing then from me,

For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

With mine old armour ile adorne my selfe,

My resolution, and cut through thy foes

Vnto thy quiet, till I place thy heart

As peaceable as spotlesse innocence.

What is it?

AMIN. Why tis this, — it is too bigge

To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

MEL. Punish me strangely heauen, if he scape

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

AMIN. Your sister.

MEL. Well sayd.

AMIN. You'l wisht vnknowne when you haue heard is.

MEL. No.

AMIN. Is much to blame,

And to the King has giuen her honour vp,

And liues in whoredome with him.

MEL. How's this?

Thou art run mad with iniury indeed;

Thou couldst not vter this, else speake againe,

For I forgie it freely, tell thy griefes.

AMIN. Shees wanton, I am loth to say a whore,

Though it be true.

MEL. Speake yet againe, before mine anger grow

Vp beyond throwing downe, what are thy griefes?

AMIN. By all our friendship, these.

MEL. What, am I tane,

After mine actions, shall the name of friend

Blot all our family, and stick the brand

## *The Mydes Tragedy.*

Of whore vpon my sister vnre ueng'd,  
My shaking flesh be thou a witnesse for me,  
With what vawillingnesse I goe to scourge  
This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend,  
I will not take thee basely, thy sword

Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip  
Tny rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

AMIN. Not on thee, did thine anger goe as high  
As troubled waters, thou shouldst doe me ease,  
Heere, and eternally, if thy noble hand,  
Would cut me from my sorrowes.

MEL. This is base,  
And fearefull, they that vse to vtter lies,  
Prouide not blowes, but wordes to qualifie  
The men they wrong'd, thou hast a guilty cause.

AMIN. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,  
Will raise my anger vp aboute my griefes,  
Which is a passion easier to be knowne,  
And I shall then be blessed.

MEL. Take then more, to raise thine anger, tis meere  
Cowardise makes thee not draw, & I will leaue thee dead  
How euer, but if thou art so much prest,  
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,  
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fix a farewell  
Vpon thy name for euer.

AMIN. Then I draw,  
As iustly as our Magistrates their swords,  
To cut offenders off; I knew before,  
Twould grate your eares, but it was base in you  
To vrge a waightry secret from your friend,  
And then rage at it, I shall be at ease  
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,  
I shall not long out liue you.

MEL. Stay a while,  
The name of friend, is more then familie,  
Or all the world besides; I was a foole,  
Thou searching humane nature, that didst make



## The Maydes Tragedy.

To doe me wrong thou art inquisitiue,  
And thrusts me vpon questions that will take  
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne  
This sad dishonor, pardon me my friend,  
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,  
Pearce it, for I will neuer heaue my hand  
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,  
I doe belecue my sister is a whore,  
A leprous one, put vp thy sword young man.

AMINT. How should I beare it then she being so,  
I feare my friend that you will loose me shortly,  
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe  
Through these disgraces.

MEL. Better halfe the land  
Were buried quick together, no *Amintor*,  
Thou shalt haue ease of this adulterous King  
That drew her too't, where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so.

AMIN. What is it then to me?  
If it be wrong to you.

MEL. Why not so much, the credit of our house  
Is throwne away,  
But from his iron den ile waken death,  
And hurle him on this King, my honestie  
shall steale my sword, and on my horrid point  
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be to glittering  
For him to looke on.

AMIN. I haue quite vndone my fame.

MEL. Drie vp thy watric eyes,  
And cast a manly looke vpon my face,  
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend  
Till I haue freed thee, still this swelling brest,  
I goe thus from thee, and will neuer cease  
My vengeance till I finde thy heart at peace.

AMIN. It must not be so, stay, mine eyes would tell  
How loath I am to this, but loue and teares

## The Maydes Tragedy.

Leaue me a while, for I haue hazarded  
All that this world calls happy, thou hast wrought  
A secret from me vnder name of friend,  
Which art could nere haue found, nor torture wrong  
From out this bosome, giue it me agen,  
For I will finde it where so ere it lies  
Hid in the mortal'st part, inuent a way  
To giue it backe.

MEL. Why? would you haue it backe,  
I will to death persue him with reuenge.

AMIN. Therefore I call it fro thee, for I know (weapon  
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, take to thy

MEL. Heare thy friend that bears more yeares then thou.

AMIN. I will not heare, but draw, or I —

MEL. *Amintor?*

AMIN. Draw then, for I am full as resolute  
As fame, and honor can inforce me,  
I cannot linger, draw?

MEL. I doe, — but is not  
My share of credit equall with thine.  
If I doe stir.

AMIN. No? for it will be cald  
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood;  
If she her birth abuse, and on the King  
A braue reuenge, but on me that haue walkt  
With patience in it, it will fixe the name  
Of fearefull cuckold, — O that word,  
Be quick.

MEL. Then ioyn with me.

AMIN. I dare not doe a sinne, or else I would be speedy.

MEL. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin,  
His griefe distracts him, call thy thoughts agen,  
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,  
And see what that will worke, I will not fight.

AMIN. You must?

MEL. I will be kild first, though my passions  
Offered the like to you, tis not this earth

Shall

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

Shall by my reason to it, thinke awhile  
For you are, (I must weepe when I speake it,)  
All most besides your selfe.

AMIN. Oh my soft temper,  
So many sweete words from thy sisters mouth,  
I am afraid would make me take her,  
To embrace and pardon her, I am mad indeede,  
And know not what I doe, but haue a care  
Of me in what thou doest.

(saue

MEL. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to  
The brauerie of your house, will loose his fame  
And feare to touch the throne of Maiestie.

AMIN. A curse will follow that, but rather liue  
And suffer with me.

MEL. I will doe what worth shall bid me.

AMIN. Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,  
Yet leaning thus I feele a kinde of ease.

MEL. Come take agen your mirth about you.

AMIN. I shall neuer doo't.

MEL. I warrant you, looke vp, weele walke together,  
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

AMIN. Thy loue, o wretched, I thy loue *Melantius*, why I  
Haue nothing else.

*Exeunt.*

MEL. Be merry then.

*Enter Melantius agen.*

MEL. This worthie yong man may doe violence  
Vpon himselfe, but I haue cherisht him  
As well as I could, and sent him smiling from me  
To counterfeit againe, sword hold thine edge,  
My heart will neuer faile me? *Diphilus*,  
Thou comst as sent.

*Enter Diphilus.*

DIPH. Yonder has bin such laughing.

MEL. Betwixt whom?

DIPH. Why our sister and the King,  
I thought their spleenes would breake,  
They laught vs all out of the roome.

MEL. They must weepe *Diphilus*.

DIPH. Must they?



## The Maydes Tragedy.

MEL. They must? thou art my brother, & if I did beleue,  
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,  
Lie where it durst.

DIPH. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe &  
finde it. (thy hands,

MEL. That was spoke according to our strain, come ioyne  
And sweare a firmenesse to what proiect I  
Shall lay before thee.

DIPH. You doe wrong vs both,  
People hereafter shall not say there past  
A bond more then our loues to tie our liues  
And deathes together.

MEL. It is as nobly said as I would wish,  
Anon ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

DIPH. But I will tell you now, weele right our selues.

MEL. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,  
And what friends you can draw vnto our side,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,  
Hast *Diph*: the time requires it, hast.

*Exit Diphilus.*

I hope my cause is iust, I know my blood  
Tels me it is, and I will credit it,  
To take reuenge and loose my selfe withall,  
Were idle, and to scape, impossible,  
Without I had the fort, which miserie  
Remaining in the hands of my olde enemy

*Calianax*, but I must haue it, see

*Enter Calianax.*

Where he comes shaking by me, good my Lord  
Forget your spleene to me, I neuer wrong'd you,  
But would haue peace with euery man.

CAL. Tis well?

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

MEL. Y'are touchie without all cause.

CAL. Doe? mock me.

MEL. By mine honor I speake truth.

CAL. Honor? where ist.

MEL. See what starts you make into your idle hatred,  
I am come with resolution to obtaine a sute

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

Of you.

CAL. A sute of me, tis very like it should be granted fir.

MEL. Nay, goe not hence,

Tis this, you haue the keeping of the fort,

And I would wish you by the loue you ought

To beare vnto me to deliuer it

Into my hands,

CAL. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

MEL. But there is a reason to moue you to it, I would

Kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

CAL. Out traitor.

MEL. Nay but stay, I cannot scape the deede once done

Without I haue this fort.

CAL. And should I help thee, now thy treacherous mind  
betraines it selfe.

MEL. Come delay me not,

Giue me a suddaine answere, already,

The last is spoke, refuse my offerd loue,

When it comes clad in secrets.

CAL. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I doe see't writ

In his lookes, and should I say I will, heele run and tell the

King: I doe not shun your friendship deere *Melantius*,

But this cause is weightie, giue me but an houre to thinke.

MEL. Take it, — I know this goes vnto the King,

But I am arm'd.

*Exit Melantius.*

CAL. Me thinkes I feele my selfe

But twenty now agen, this fighting foole

Wants policie, I shall reuenge my girle,

And make her red againe, I pray, my legges

Will last that pace that I will carrie them,

I shall want breath before I finde the King.

## *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter MELANTIVS, EVADNE, and a Lady.*

MEL. God saue you.

EVAD. Saue you sweete brother,

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

MEL. In my blunt eye me thinkes you looke *Euadne*.

EVAD. Come, you would make, me blush.

MEL. I would *Euadne*, I shall displease my ends els.

EVAD. You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,  
Come fir, how doe I looke.

MEL. I would not haue your women heare me  
Breake into a commendations of you, it is not seemely.

EVAD. Goe waite me in the gallerie, — now speake.

MEL. Ile lock your dores first. *Exit Ladies*

EVAD. Why?

MEL. I will not haue your guilded things that daunce  
In visitation with their millan skins  
Choake vp my businesse.

EVAD. You are strangely dispos'd fir.

MEL. Good Madame, not to make you merry.

EVAD. No, if you praise me twill make me sad.

MEL. Such a sad commendations I haue for you.

EVAD. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,  
And learne to riddle.

MEL. I praise the Court for't, has learnd you nothing?

EVAD. Me?

MEL. I *Euadne*, thou art yong and handsome,  
A Lady of a sweete complexion,  
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot  
Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

EVAD. Gentle brother.

MEL. Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,  
To make me gentle.

EVAD. How is this.

MEL. Tis base,  
And I could blush at these yeares, through all  
My honord scars: to come to such a parlie.

EVAD. I vnderstand ye not.

MEL. You dare not foole,  
They that commit thy faults flie the remembrance.

EVAD. My faults fir, I would haue you know I care not  
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

MEL.



## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

MEL. Thy body is to little for the story,  
The lusts of which would fill another woman,  
Though she had twins within her.

EVAD. This is faucie,  
Looke you intrude no more, theres your way.

MEL. Thou art my way, and I will tread vpon thee,  
Till I finde truth out.

EVAD. What truth is that you looke for?

MEL. Thy long lost honor, would the gods had set me  
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts, come tell me quickly,  
Doe it without inforcement, and take heede  
You swell me not aboue my temper.

EVAD. How sir? where got you this report.

MEL. Where there was people in euery place.

EVAD. They and the seconds of it are base people,  
Beleeue them not, theile lie.

MEL. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,  
I come to know that desperate foole, that drew thee  
From thy faire life, be wise and lay him open.

EVAD. Vnhand me and learne manners, such another  
Forgerfulnesse for fits your life.

MEL. Quench me this mighty humor, and then tell me  
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,  
Let all mine honors perish but ile finde him,  
Though he lie lockt vp in thy blood, come tell me,  
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,  
The burnt aire when the dog raines, is not fouler  
Then thy contagious name, till thy repentance,  
If the gods grant thee any, purge thy sicknesse.

EVAD. Begon, you are my brother thats your safety.

MEL. Ile be a woulfe first, tis to be thy brother.

An infamy below the sin of coward,  
I am as far from being part of thee,  
As thou art from thy verrue, seeke a kindred  
Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goate thy father,  
A goate is cooler, will you tell me yet.

EVAD.

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

EVA D. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,  
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,  
And there preach to your Centinels,  
And tell the what a braue man you are, I shal laugh at you.

MEL. Y'are growne a glorious whore, where bee your  
Fighters, what mortall foole durst raie thee to this daring,  
And I aliue, by my iust sword, h'ad *Safer*  
Bestride a billow when the angry North  
Plowes vp the sea, or made heauens fire his foe,  
Worke me no hier, will you discouer yet.

EVA D. The fellowes mad, sleepe and speake sence.

MEL. Force my swolne heart no further, I would saue  
thee, your great maintainers are not here, they dare not,  
would they were al, and armed, I would speake loud, heres  
one should thunder to'em, will you tell me.

EVA D. Let me consider.

MEL. Doe, whose child thou werr,  
Whose honor thou hast murdered, whose graue opened,  
And so pul'd on the gods, that in their iustice  
They must restore him flesh agen and life,  
And raise his drie bones to reuenge this scandall.

EVA D. The gods are not of my minde, they had better  
Let'em lie sweete still in the earth, theile stinke here.

MEL. Doe you raise mirth out of my easinesse,  
Forfake me then all weakneses of nature,  
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,  
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,  
This sword shall be thy loue, tell or ile kill thee,  
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserue it.

EVA D. You will not murder me.

MEL. No, tis a iustice and a noble one,  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

EVA D. Helpe?

MEL. By thy soule selfe, no humaine help shall help thee,  
If thou criest, when I haue kild thee, as I haue  
Vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked as thou hast left  
Thine honor, will I leaue thee,

That

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

That on thy branded flesh the world may reade  
Thy blacke shame and my iustice, wilt thou bend yet?

*Euad.* Yes.

*Mel.* Vp and beginne your storie.

*Euad.* Oh I am miserable.

*Mel.* Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

*Euad.* I haue offended, noble Sir forgiueme.

*Mel.* With what secure slaue?

*Euad.* Doe not aske me Sir,  
Mine owne remembrance is a miserie

Too mightie for me.

*Mel.* Doe not fall backe agen, my sword's vnsheathed yet.

*Euad.* What shall I doe?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault lesse.

*Euad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or ile be this day a killing thee.

*Euad.* Will you forgiue me then?

*Mel.* Stay I must aske mine honour first, I haue too much  
foolish nature in me, speake.

*Euad.* Is there no more here?

*Mel.* None but a fearfull conscience, that's too many.  
Who ist?

*Euad.* The King.

*Mel.* My worthy fathers and my seruices  
Are liberally rewarded, King I thanke thee:

For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me

In my owne metall, these are souldiers thanks.

How long haue you liued thus *Euadne*?

*Euad.* Too long, too late I finde it.

*Mel.* Can you be very sorry?

*Euad.* Would I were halfe as blamelesse.

*Mel.* Woman thou wilt not to thy trade againe.

*Euad.* First to my graue.

*Mel.* Would gods thou hadst beene so blest.

Dost thou not hate this King now? prethee hate him.

Has sunke thy faire soule, I command thee curse him,

Curse till the gods heare and deliuer him



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

To thy iust wishes, yet I feare *Euadne*  
You had rather play your game out.

*Euad.* No I feele

Too many sad confusions here to let in  
Any loose flame hereafter.

*Mel.* Dost thou not feele amongst al those one braue anger  
That breakes out nobly, and directs thine arme  
To kill this base King?

*Euad.* All the gods forbid it.

*Mel.* No al the gods require it, they are dishonored in him.

*Euad.* Tis too fearfull.

*Mel.* Yare valiant in his bed, and bold enough  
To be a stale whore, and haue your Madams name,  
Discourse for grooms and pages, and hereafter  
When his coole Maiestie hath laid you by  
To be at pension with some needie Sir  
For meat and courser cloathes, thus farre you had no feare,  
Come you shall kill him.

*Euad.* Good Sir.

*Mel.* And twere to kisse him dead, thoudst smother him.  
Be wise and kill him, canst thou liue and know  
What noble minds shall make thee see thy selfe,  
Found out with every finger, made the shame  
Of all successions, and in this thy ruine  
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?  
Thou shalt not liue thus, kneele and sweare to helpe me  
When I shall call thee to it, or by all  
Holy in heauen and earth thou shalt not liue  
To breathe a foule houre longer, not a thought.  
Cometis a righteous oath, giue me thy hand,  
And both to heauen held vp, sweare by that wealth  
This lustfull theefe stole from thee, when I say it,  
To let his foule soule out.

*Euad.* Here I sweare it,

And all you spirits of abused Ladies,  
Helpe me in this performance.

*Mel.* Enough, this must be knowne to none

But

# The Maydes Tragedy.

But you and I *Euadne*, not to your Lord,  
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow  
Dare step as farre into a worthy action,  
As the most daring, I as farre as iustice.

Aske me not why. Farewell.

*Exit Mel.*

*Euad.* Would I could say so to my blacke disgrace,  
Gods where haue I beene all this time; how friended,  
That I should lose my selfe thus desperately,  
And none for pittie shew me how I wandied.

There is not in the compasse of the light  
A more vnhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,  
For I haue done those follies those mad mischiefes  
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,

Be not so cruell to me, choake not vp *Enter Amintor.*  
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

*Amint.* How now?

*Euad.* My much abused Lord.

*Kneele.*

*Amint.* This cannot be.

*Euad.* I do not kneele to liue, I dare not hope it,  
The wrongs I did are greater, looke vpon me  
Though I appeare with all my faults.

*Amint.* Stand vp.

This is a new way to beget more sorrowes,  
Heauen knowes I haue too many, doe not mocke me,  
Though I am tame and bred vp with my wrongs,  
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape  
Like a hand-wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,  
And doe an outrage, prethee doe not mocke me.

*Euad.* My whole life is so leaprous it infects  
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon  
Though at the highest set, euen with my life,  
That sleight contrition, that ; no sacrifice  
For what I haue committed.

*Amint.* Sure I dazle.

There cannot be A faith in that foule woman  
That knowes no God more mighty then her mischiefes,  
Thou doest still worse, still number on thy faults,

## The Maydes Tragedy.

To presse my poore heart thus. Can I belecue  
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman  
Left to shoot vp, that dares goe on in sinne  
Knowne and so knowne as thine is, O *Euadne*,  
Would there were any safetie in thy sex,  
That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,  
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,  
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie,  
To that strange misbeleefe of all the world,  
And all things that are in it, that I feare  
I shall fall like a tree, and finde my graue,  
Only remembring that I grieve.

*Euad.* My Lord,

Giue me your griefes, you are an innocent,  
A soule as white as heauen, let not my sinnes  
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here  
To shadow by dissembling with my teares  
As all say women can, or to make lesse  
What my hot will hath done, which heauen and you  
Knowes to be tougher then the hand of time  
Shall cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,  
I doe appeare the same, the same *Euadne*,  
Drest in the shames I liu'd in, the same monster.  
But these are names of honour to what I am,  
I doe present my selfe the foulest creature,  
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despisde of men  
*Lerna* ere bred or *Nilus*, I am hell,  
Till you my deare Lord shoot your light into me,  
The beames of your forgiuenesse, I am soule sick,  
And wither with the feare of one condemnd,  
Till I haue got your pardon.

*Amint.* Rise *Euadne*.

Those heauenly powers that put this good into thee  
Grant a continuance of it, Iforgiue thee  
Make thyselfe worthy of it, and take heed  
Take heed *Euadne* this beferious  
Mocke not the powers aboue that can, and dare

Giue



## The Maydes Tragedy.

Giue thee a great example of their iustice  
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.  
*Enad.* I haue done nothing good to get belcife,  
My life hath beene so faithlesse, all the Creatures  
Made for heavens honors haue their ends, and good ones  
Al but the cousing *Crocodiles* false women.  
They raigne here like those plagues, those killing soares  
Men pray against, and when they die; like tales  
Ill told, and vnbeleiu'd they passe away,  
And go to dust forgotten: But my Lord  
Those short daies I shall number to my rest,  
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,  
Though in my euening, yet perceiue a will  
Since I can doe no good because a woman,  
Reach constantly at something that is neere it,  
I will redeeme one minute of my age,  
Or like another *Niobe* ile weepe  
Till I am water.

*Amint.* I am dissolued.  
My frozen soule melts, may each sin thou hast,  
Finde a new mercy, rise, I am at peace:  
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good  
Before that deuill King tempted thy frailty  
Sure thou hadst made a Star, giue me thy hand  
From this time I will know thee, and as far  
As honour giues me leaue, be thy *Amintor*,  
When we meete next I will salute thee fairely,  
And pray the gods to giue thee happy daies,  
My Charity shall go along with thee  
Though my embraces must be far from thee,  
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweete repentance  
Lockes vp my vengeance, for which, thus I kisse thee  
The last kisse we must take, and would to heaven  
The holy Preist that gaue our hands together,  
Had giuen vs equall virtues, go *Enadne*  
The gods thus part our bodies, haue a care

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

My honour fallies no further, I am well then.

*Enad.* All the deare ioyes here, and aboue hereafter

Crowne thy faire soule, thus I take leaue my Lord,

And neuer shall you see the soale *Enadne*

Till she haue tried all honoured meanes that may

Set her in rest, and wath her staines away. *Exeunt.*

*Hoboies play with him.*

*Banquet. Enter King, Callianax.*

*K.* I cannot tell how I should credit this

From you that are his enemye.

*Call.* I am sure he said it to me, and ile iustifie it

What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

*King.* But did he breake without all circumstance

To you his Foe, that he would haue the fort

To kill me, and then scape.

*Call.* If he deny it, ile make him blush.

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Call.* I so does euery thing I say of late.

*King.* Not so *Callianax.*

*Call.* Yes I should sit

Mute whilst a Rogue with strong armes cuts your throate.

*King.* Well I will trie him, and if this be true

Ile pawne my life ile finde it, ift be false

And that you cloath your hate in such a lie

You shall hereafter doate, in your owne house,

Not in the Court.

*Call.* Why if it be a lie

Mine eares are false, for I besworne I heard it,

Old men are good for nothing, you were best

Put me to death for hearing, and free him

For meaning it, you would a trusted me

Once, but the time is altered.

*King.* And will still where I may doe with iustice to the world, you haue no witnesse.

*Call.* Yes my selfe.

*King.* No more I meane there were that heard it.

*Call.* How no more? would you haue more? why am not

# The Maydes Tragedy.

I enough to hang a thousand Rogues.

*King.* But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

*Call.* I may, tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

*King.* Such witnesses we need not.

*Call.* And tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

*King.* Enough, where's *Strato*. (knaue.

*Strat.* Sir *Enter Strat.*

*King.* Why wheres all the Company? call *Amintor* in

*Euadne*, wheres my brother, and *Melantius*,

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all *Exit Strat.*

That are without there, if he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, valesse

We meane to quit 'em.

*Call.* Why if you doe thinke

Tis fit an old man, and a Counsellor

To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

*Enter Amintor, Euadne, Melant. Diph. Lysip. Cle. Strat.*

*King.* Come sirs, *Amintor* thou art yet a Bridegroome,

And I will vse thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

*Euadne* sit, and you *Amintor* too

This banquet is for you sir, who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine, why *Strato* where art thou

Thou wilt chopt out with them vnseasonably

When I desire 'em not.

*Strat.* Tis my ill lucke Sir, so to spend them then.

*King.* Reach me a boule of wine, *Melantius* thou art sad.

*Mel.* I should be Sir the merriest here,

But I ha nere a story of mine owne

worth telling at this time.

*King.* Giue me the wine.

*Melantius* I am now considering

How easie twere for any man we trust

To poyson one of vs in such a boule.

*Mel.* I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a Knaue.

*Cal.*



# The Maydes Tragedy.

*Cal.* Such as you are.

*King.* Ifaith twere easie, it becomes vs well  
To get plaine dealing men about our selues,  
Such as you all are here, *Amintor* to thee  
And to thy faire *Euadne*.

*Mel.* Haue you thought of this *Callianax*.

*Cal.* Yes marry haue I.

*Mel.* And whats your resolution?

*Cal.* Ye shall haue it soundly I warrant you.

*King.* Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato*.

*Amint.* Here my loue,

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set  
Blushes vpon thy cheekes, and till thou dost  
A fault twere pittie.

*King.* Yet I wonder much  
Of the strange desperation of these men  
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,  
He could not scape that did it.

*Mel.* Were he knowne, vnpossible.

*King.* It would be knowne *Melantius*.

*Mel.* It ought to be, if he got then away  
He must weare all our liues vpon his sword,  
He need not tie the Iland, he must leaue  
No one aliue.

*King.* No I should thinke no man  
Could kill me and scape cleare but that old man.

*Cal.* But I? haueu blesse me, I, should I my liege?

*King.* I doe not thinke thou wouldst but yet thou mightst,  
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,  
By keeping of the fort, he has *Melantius*,  
And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From Cobwebs Sir,  
Tis cleane swept, I can finde no other Art  
In keeping of it now, twas nere beseidge  
Since he commaunded.

*Cal.* I shall be sure of your good word,  
But I haue kept it safe from such as you.

*Mel.*

# The Maydes Tragedy.

*Mel.* Keepe your ill temper in,  
I speake no malice, had my brother kept it  
I should ha sed as much.

*King.* You are not merry, brother drinke wine,  
Sit you all still, *Callianax* *Aside*  
I cannot trust thus, I haue throwne out words,  
That would haue fetcht warme bloud vpon the checkes  
Of guilty men, and he is neuer mou'd,  
He knowes no such thing.

*Call.* Impudence may scape, when feeble virtue is accus'd.

*King.* A must if he were guilty feele an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,  
You see he does not.

*Call.* Let him hang himselfe,  
What care I what he does, this he did say.

*King.* *Melant.* you can easily conceiue  
What I haue meant, for men that are in faults  
Can subtlly apprehend when others aime  
At what they doe amisse, but I forgiue  
Freely before this man, heauen doe so too;  
I will not touch thee so much as with shame  
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

*Call.* Why this is very fine.

*Mel.* I cannot tell  
What tis you meane, but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,  
But let me know it, happily tis naught  
But misconstruction, and where I am cleare  
I will not take forgiuenesse of the gods,  
Much lesse of you.

*King.* Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothnes  
To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime  
I neuer knew.

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you  
my cares are euery where, you meant to kill me, and get the  
fort to scape.

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

*Mel.* Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned;  
you preferue

A race of idle people here about you,  
Facers, and talkers to defame the world  
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that vttered this  
Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,  
But for this arme that fens't him from the Foe.  
And if I thought you gaue a faith to this,  
The plainenesse of my nature would speake more,  
Giue me a pardon, for you ought to doo't  
To kill him that spake this.

*Call.* I that will be the end of all,  
Then I am fairely paide for all my care and seruice.

*Mel.* That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I  
( Though I will neuer match my hate so low, )  
Hate no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,  
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.

*Call.* Who I, thou shamelesse Fellow that hast spoke to me  
Of it thy selfe.

*Mel.* O then it came from him.

*Call.* From me, who should it come from but from me?

*Mel.* Nay I belecue your malice is enough,  
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* *Licip:* cheare *Amintor* and his Lady, theres no sound  
Comes from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

*Amint.* You haue done all ready Sir for me I thanke you.

*King.* *Melantius* I doe credit this from him,  
How sleight so ere you mak't.

*Mel.* Tis strange you should.

*Call.* Tis strang a should belecue an old mans word,  
That neuer lied ins life.

*Mel.* I talke not to thee,  
Shall the wilde words of this distempered man;  
Frantique with age and sorrow make a breach  
Betwixt your Maiestie and me; twas wrong  
To harken to him, but to credit him



# The Maydes Tragedy.

As much, at least, as I haue power to beare.  
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,  
I may commend my selfe ---- I haue bestowd  
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loath  
To thinke an action that would make me loose  
That, and my thanks too : when I was a boy  
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,  
And did a deed, that pluckt fīue yeares from time  
And stū'd me man then, and for you my king  
Your Subiects all haue fed by vertue of my arme;  
And you your selfe haue liu'd at home in ease,  
So terrible I grew that without swords  
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart  
And limmes are still the same, my will as great  
To doe you seruice : let me not be paid  
With such a strange distrust.

*King. Melantius* I held it great iniustice to beleuee  
Thine enemy, and did, if I did,  
I doe not, let that satisfie, what strooke  
With sadnesse all? more wine.

*Call.* A few fine words haue ouerthrowne my truth, a  
th'art a Villaine.

*Mel.* Why, thou wert better let me haue the fort,  
Dotard, I wil disgrace thee thus for euer,  
There shall no credit lie vpon thy words,  
Thinke better and deliuer it.

*Call.* My leige, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake  
Denie it if thou canst, examine him  
Whilst he is hot, for if hee coole agen,  
He will forswear it.

*King.* This is lunacie I hope, *Melantius* thou wilt commit

*Mel.* He hath lost himselfe  
Much since his daughter mist the happinesse  
My sister gaind, and though he call me Foe,  
I pittie him.

*Call.* A pittie a pox vpon you, and liu'st thou

*Mel.* Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

*Mel.* *Diagoras* knowes he rag'd, and raild at me,  
And cald a Ladie Whore so innocent  
She vnderstood him not, but it becomes  
Both you and me to forgiue distraction,  
Pardon him as I doe.

*Call.* Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you  
will be safe chop off his head, for there was neuer knowne  
so impudent a Rascall.

*King.* Some that loue him get him to bed, why? pittie  
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, we must be  
all old, haue him away.

*Mel.* *Callianax* the King beleeuēs you, come, you shall  
go home, and rest, you ha done well, youle giue it vp  
When I haue vsd you thus a month, I hope.

*Cal.* Now, now, tis plaine Sir, he does moue me still,  
He saies he knowes ile giue him vp the fort  
When he has vsd me thus a month, I am mad  
Am I not still?

*Omnes.* Ha ha ha.

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed if you doe thus,  
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there,  
( That has no virtue in him, alls in his sword )  
before me; doe but take his weapons from him  
And hees an Ass, and I am a very foole  
Both with him, and without him, as you vse me.

*Omnes.* Ha ha ha.

*King.* Too well, *Cal:* but if you vse  
This once agen I shall intreat some other  
To see your offices be well dischargd.  
Be merry Gentlemen it growes somewhat late,  
*Amintor* thou wouldst be a bed agen.

*Amint.* Yes Sir.

*King.* And you *Enadne* let me take thee in my arme, *Me-*  
*lantius* thou art as thou deseruest to be, my freind,  
Still, and for euer good *Call:*  
Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

*Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.*

*Cal.* Sleepe

# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

*Cal.* Sleepe soundly! I sleepe soundly now I hope,  
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay  
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast vsed me?

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your tongue, and thats  
the strongest

Part you haue about ye.

*Call.* Dost not thou looke for some great punishment for  
this? I feele

My selfe beginne to forget all my hate,  
And tak't vnkindly that mine enemy  
Should vse me so extremely scruily.

*Mel.* I shall meet too, if you begin to take  
Vnkindnesse, I neuer meant you hurt.

*Call.* Thoult anger me agen; thou wretched roague,  
Meant me no wrong! disgrace me with the King,  
Lose all my offices, this is no hurt  
Is it, I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

*Mel.* To poison men because they loue me nor,  
To call the credit of mens wiues in question,  
To murder children, betwixt me and Land,  
This I call hurt.

*Call.* All this thou thinkst is sport,  
For mine is worse, but vse thy will with me,  
For betwixt grieve and anger I could crie.

*Mel.* Bewise then and be safe, thou maist reuenge.

*Call.* I oth' the King, I would reuenge of thee.

*Mel.* That you must plot your selfe.

*Call.* I am a fine plotter.

*Mel.* The short is, I will hold thee with the King

In this perplexitie till peeuishnesse

And his disgrace haue laid thee in thy graue.

But if thou wilt deliuer vp the fort,

Ile take thy trembling body in my armes,

And beare thee ouer dangers, thou shalt hold

Thy wonted state.

*Call.* If I should tell the King, canst thou deni't agen?

*Mel.* Trie and beleuee.



# *The Maydes Tragedy.*

*Call.* Nay then thou canst bring anything about,  
*Melantius*, thou shalt haue the fort.

*Mel.* Why well, here let our hate be buried, and  
This hand shall right vs both, giue methy aged brest  
To compasse.

*Call.* Nay I doe not loue thee yet,  
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,  
And if I thought it were a curtesie,  
Thou shouldst not haue it, but I am disgrac't,  
My offices are to be tane away,  
And if I did but hold this fort a day,  
I doe belecue the King would take it from me,  
And giue it thee, things are so strangely carried,  
Nere thanke me fort, but yet the King shall know  
There was some such thing int I told him of,  
And that I was an honest man.

*Mel.* Heele buy that knowledge very deerely : *Diph.*  
What newes with thee? *Ent. Diphilus.*

*Diph.* This were a night indeed to doe it in,  
The King hath sent for her.

*Mel.* She shall performe it then, goe *Diph.*  
And take from this good man my worthy friend  
The fort, heele giue it thee.

*Diph.* Ha you got that?

*Call.* Art thou of the same breed? canst thou denie  
This to the King too?

*Diph.* With a confidence as great as his.

*Call.* Faith like enough.

*Mel.* Away and vse him kindly.

*Call.* Touch not me, I hate the whole straine, if thou follow  
me a great way off, Ile giue thee vp the fort, and hang your  
selues.

*Mel.* Be gone.

*Diph.* Hees finely wrought. *Exeunt Call. Diph.*

*Mel.* This is a night spight of Astronomers  
To doe the deed in, I will wash the staine  
That rests vpon our house, off with his bloud. *Ent. Amint.*  
*Amint.*

# The Maydes Tragedy.

*Amint.* *Melantius* now assist me if thou bee'st  
That which thou saist, assist me, I haue lost  
All my distempers, and haue found a rage  
So pleasing, helpe me.

*Mel.* Who can see him thus,  
And not sweare vengeance? whats the matter friend?

*Amint.* Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me  
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,  
And sinke him with the weight of all his sins  
To hell for euer.

*Mel.* Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safetic, let your reason  
Plot your reuenge, and not your passion.

*Amint.* If thou refuselt me in these extremes,  
Thou art no friend, he sent for her to me,  
By heauen to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye  
I loue her as a stranger, there is worth  
In that vild woman, worthy things *Melantius*,  
And she repents, Ile doo't my selfe alone,  
Though I be slaine, farewell.

*Mel.* Heele ouerthrow my whole designe with madness,

*Amintor.*

Thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,  
But tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,  
With whom thou fightest, I know hees honest: *Aside.*  
And this will worke with him.

*Amint.* I cannot tell  
What thou hast said, but thou hast charmd my sword  
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here  
Defencelesse.

*Mel.* I will take it vp for thee.

*Amint.* What a wilde beast is vncollected man!  
The thing that we call honour beares vs all  
Headlong vnto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

*Mel.* Alas how variable are thy thoughts?

*Amint.* Iust like my fortunes, I was run to that,  
I purposed to haue chid thee for some plot

## The Maydes Tragedy.

I did distrust thou hadst against the King  
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heed,  
Theres not the least limbe growing to a King  
But carries thunder in't.

*Mel.* I haue none against him.

*Amint.* Why come then, and still remember wee may not  
thinke reuenge.

*Mel.* I will remember.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus 5.

Enter *Euadne* and a *Gentleman*.

**E***uad.* Sir is the King abed?

*Gent.* Madam an houre agoe.

*Euad.* Giue me the key then, and Sir let none be  
neere.

Tis the Kings pleasure.

*Gent.* I vnderstand you Madam, would twere mine,  
I must not with good rest vnto your Ladiship.

*Euad.* You talke, you talke.

*Gent.* Tis all I dare doe Madam, but the King will wake,  
and then me thinks.

*Euad.* Sauing your imagination, pray good night Sir.

*Gent.* A good night be it then, and a long one Madam, I  
am gone.

*Exit.*

*Euad.* The night growes horrible, and all about me

Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience

*K. a bed.*

Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?

To what things dismall, as the depth of hell,

Wilt thou prouoke me? Let no woman dare

From this houre be disloyall, if her heart

Be flesh; if she haue blood and can feare, tis a madnesse

Above that desperate mans that left his peace,

And went to sea to fight, tis so many sins,

An



## The Maydes Tragedy.

An age cannot repent 'em, and so great,  
The gods want mercy for, yet I must through 'em,  
I haue begun a slaughter on my honour,  
And I must end it there, a sleepes, oh God,  
Why giue you peace to this vntemperate beast,  
That has so farre transgressed you? I must kill him,  
And I will doo't brauely: the meere ioy  
Confirms me that I merit, yet I must not  
Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes, that were  
To rake him to another world, my vengeance  
Shall seaze him waking, and then lay before him  
The number of his wrongs and punishments.  
Ile shape his sins like furies till I waken  
His euill Angell, his sicke conscience,  
And then I strike him dead. King by your leaue,  
I dare not trust your strength, your Grace and I  
Must grapple vpon euen tearmes no more.

*Ties his  
armes to  
the bed.*

So, if he raile me not from my resolution,  
As I belecue I shall not, I shall fit him.  
My Lord the King, my Lord, a sleepes  
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,  
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

*King.* Whose that?

*Euad.* O you sleepe soundly Sir.

*King.* My deare *Euadne*,

I haue beene dreaming of thee, come to bed.

*Euad.* I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

*King.* What prettie new deuice is this *Euadne*?

What, doe you tie me to you by my loue?

This is a queint one: come my deare and kisse me,

Ile be thy *Mars*, to bed my Queene of loue,

Let vs be caught together, that the gods may looke,

And enuie our embraces.

*Euad.* Stay Sir, stay,

You are too hot, and I haue brought you physicke,

To temper your high veines.

*King.* Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,

## The Maydes Tragedy.

Here thou shalt know the state of my body better.

*Euad.* I know you haue a surfeited foule body,  
And you must bleed.

*King.* Bleed!

*Euad.* I you shall bleed, lie still, and if the deuill  
Your lust will giue you leaue, repent, this steele  
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole  
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death  
Can answer to the world.

*King.* How *Euadne*?

*Euad.* I am not she, nor beare I in this breast  
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,  
I am a Tiger, I am any thing  
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,  
He take thee vnprepar'd, thy feares vpon thee,  
That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee  
(By my reuenge I will) to looke those torments  
Prepar'd for such blacke soules.

*King.* Thou doest not meane this, tis impossible,  
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

*Euad.* No I am not,  
I am as foule as thou art, and can number  
As many such hels here: I was once faire,  
Once I was louely, not a blowing rose  
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,  
(Stirre not) didst poison me, I was a world of vertue,  
Till your curst Court and you (hell blesse you for't)  
With your temptations on temptations  
Made me giue vp mine honour, for which (King)  
I am come to kill thee.

*King.* No.

*Euad.* I am.

*King.* Thou art not.

I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,  
And wert not meant thus rugged.

*Euad.* Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,

# The Maydes Tragedy.

To those aboue vs, by whose lights I vow,  
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sinne,  
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,  
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,  
My tongue shall reach : Thou art a shamelesse villaine,  
A thing out of the ouercharge of nature,  
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague  
Vpon weake catching women, such a tyrant,  
That for his lust would sell away his subiects,  
I all his heauen hereafter.

*King.* Heare *Euadne*,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy King.

*Euad.* Thou art my shame, lie still, theres none about you  
Within your cries, all promises of safetie  
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus thou foule man,  
Thus I begin my vengeance.

*King.* Hold *Euadne*,

I doe command thee, hold.

*Euad.* I doe not meane Sir

To part so fairely with you, we must change  
More of these loue-trickes yet.

*King.* What bloudie villanie  
Prouok't thee to this murder ?

*Euad.* Thou, thou monster.

*Stabs him.*

*King.* Oh.

*Euad.* Thou keptst me braue at Court, and whorde me,  
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman, (*Kings*)  
And whorde me still.

*King.* *Euadne*, pittie me.

*Euad.* Hell take me then, this for my Lord *Aminor*,  
This for my noble brother, and this stroke  
For the most wrongd of women.

*Kills him.*

*King.* Oh I die.

*Euad.* Die all our faults together, I forgiue thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two of the Bed-chamber.*

1. Come now shees gone, lets enter, the King expects it,  
and will beangry.



## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

2. Tis a fine wench, weele haue a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content : how quickly he had done with her, I see Kings can doe no more that way then other mortall people.

2. How fast he is ! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the tapets giue a feeble light, or he lookes very pale.

2. Lets looke : Alas , hees stiffe, wounded and dead. Treason.

1. Run forth and call:

*Exit Gen.*

2. Treason, treason.

1. This will be laid on vs : who can belecue  
A woman could doethis?

*Enter Cleon and Lysippus.*

*Cle.* How now ? wheres the traitor?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull act  
Lies still.

*Cle.* Her act ! a woman !

*Lys.* Wheres the body ?

1. There.

*Lys.* Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds  
That tied our loues, a brother and a King,  
The least of which might fetch a flood of teares :  
But such the miserie of greatnesse is,  
They haue no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

*Enter Strat.*

*Strat.* Neuer follow her,

For she alas was but the instrument.

Newes is now brought in that *Melantius*

Has got the Fort, and stands vpon the wall,

And with a loud voice calls to those few that passe

At this dead time of night, deliuering

The innocence of this act.

*Lys.* Gentlemen, I am your King.

*Strat.* We doe acknowledge it.

*Lys.* I

## The Maydes Tragedy.

*Lys.* I would I were not : follow all, for this must haue a sudden stop.

*Exeunt.*

*Ent. Melant. Diph. Calli. on the walls.*

*Mel.* If the dull people can beleeue I am arm'd,  
Be constant *Diph.* now we haue time,  
Either to bring our banisht honours home,  
Or to create new ones in our ends.

*Diph.* I feare not,

My spirit lies not that way. *Courage Callianax.*

*Call.* Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

*Mel.* Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

*Call.* Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows,  
You were borne to be my end, the deuill take you,  
Now must I hang for company, tis strange  
I should be old, and neither wise, nor valiant.

*Enter Lysp. Diag. Cleon. Strato. Guard.*

*Lys.* See where he stands as boldly confident;  
As if he had his full command about him.

*Strat.* He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir,  
Vnder your gracious pardon let me speake it,  
Though he be mightie spirited and forward  
To all great things, to all things of that danger  
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certaine  
I doe beleeue him noble, and this action  
Rather puld on then sought, his minde was euer  
As worthy as his hand.

*Lys.* Tis my feare too,

Heauen forgieue all : summon him *Lord Cleon.*

*Cle.* Ho from the walls there.

*Mel.* Worthy *Cleon* welcome,

We could a wisht you here *Lord*, you are honest.

*Call.* Well thou art as flattering a knaue, though I dare not  
tell thee so.

*Aside.*

*Lys. Melantius.*

*Mel.* Sir.

*Lys.* I am sorrie that we meet thus, our old loue  
Neuer requir'd such distance, pray to heauen

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

You haue not left your selfe, and sought this safetie  
More out of feare then honour, you haue lost  
A noble master, which your faith, *Melantius*,  
I'm sure might haue preserued.

*Melant.* Royall young man, those teares looke louely on  
thee,

Had they beene shed for a deseruing one,  
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,  
Whilst he was good, I cald him King, and seru'd him,  
With that strong faith, that most vnwearied valour,  
Pul'd people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,  
And begg'd his friendship, I was then his souldier,  
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,  
And brand my noble actions with his lust,  
(That neuer-cur'd dishonour of my sister,  
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,  
The ioy to make it still so, like my selfe)  
Thus I haue flung him off with my allegiance,  
And stand here mine owne iustice for reuenge,  
What I haue suffred in him, and this old man  
Wrongd almost to lunacie.

*Call.* Who I? You wud draw me in, I haue had no wrong,  
I doe disclaime ye all.

*Mel.* The short is this,  
Tis no ambition to lift vp my selfe  
Vrgeth me thus, I doe desire againe  
To be a subiect, so I may be free;  
If not, I know my strength, and will vnbuild  
This goodly towne, be speedie, and be wise, in a replic.

*Strat.* Be sudden Sir to tie  
All vp againe, what's done is past recall,  
And past you to reuenge, and there are thousands  
That wait for such a troubled houre as this.  
Throw him the blanke.

*Lys.* *Melantius*, write in that thy choice,  
My scale is at it.

*Mel.* It was our honours drew vs to this act,



# The Maydes Tragedy.

No gaine, and we will only worke our pardons.

*Call.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaim'd vs all but now *Callianax*.

*Call.* Thats all one,

Ile not be hangd hereafter by a tricke,

Ile haue it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall:

Come to the backe gate, and weele call the King,

And giue you vp the Fort.

*Lys.* Away, away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Aspat, in mans apparell.*

*Aspat.* This is my fatall houre, heauen may forgieue

My rash attempt that causelesly hath laid

Griefes on me that will neuer let me rest,

And put a woman's heart into my breast,

It is more honour for you that I doe,

For she that can endure the miserie

That I haue on me, and be patient too,

May liue and laugh at all that you can doe.

God saue you Sir.

*Enter Seruants.*

*Ser.* And you Sir, whats your businesse?

*Aspat.* With you Sir now, to doe me the faire office

To helpe me to your Lord.

*Ser.* What would you serue him?

*Aspat.* Ile doe him any seruice, but to haste,

For my affaires are earnest, I desire

To speake with him.

*Ser.* Sir because you are in such haste, I would be loth to  
delay you longer: you cannot.

*Aspat.* It shall become you thought to tell your Lord.

*Ser.* Sir he will speake with no body, but in particular, I  
haue in charge about no waightie matters.

*Aspat.* This is most strange: art thou gold prooue? theres  
for thee, helpe me to him.

*Ser.* Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best.

*Exit.*

*Aspat.* How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!

There is a vild dishonest tricke in man,

More

## The Maydes Tragedy.

More then in women: all the men I meet  
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,  
And haue a subtilerie in euery thing,  
Which loue could neuer know; but we fond women  
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,  
And thinke all shall goe so, it is vniust  
That men and women should be matcht together.

*Amint.* Where is he?

*Enter Amintor and his man.*

*Ser.* There my Lord.

*Amint.* What would you Sir?

*Aspat.* Please it your Lordship to command your man  
Out of the roome, I shall deliuer things  
Worthy your hearing.

*Amint.* Leauc vs.

*Aspat.* O that that shape should burie falshood in it. *Aside.*

*Amint.* Now your will Sir.

*Aspat.* When you know me, my Lord, you needs must  
ghesse

My businesse, and I am not hard to know.  
For till the chance of warre markt this smooth face  
With these few blemishes, people would call me  
My sisters picture, and her mine: in short,  
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

*Amint.* The wrong'd *Aspatia*, would thou wert so too  
Vnto the wrong'd *Amintor*, let me kisse  
That hand of thine in honour that I beare  
Vnto the wrong'd *Aspatia*, here I stand  
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth  
Leauc me, for there is something in thy looks  
That cals my sins in a most odious forme  
Into my minde, and I haue griefe enough  
Without thy helpe.

*Aspat.* I would I could with credit.  
Since I was twelue yeeres old I had not seene  
My sister till this houre, I now arriu'd,  
She sent for me to see her marriage,  
A wofull one, but they that are about

## *The Maydes Tragedy.*

Haue ends in every thing, she vsd few words,  
But yet enough to make me vnderstand  
The basenesse of the iniuries you did her,  
That little trayning I haue had, is war,  
I may behaue my selfe rudely in peace,  
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you  
I am but young, and would be loth to loose  
Honour that is not easily gaind againe,  
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is strict  
For single combats, and we shall be stoppt  
If it be publisht, if you like your sword  
Vse it, if mine appeare a better to you,  
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time  
To end our difference.

*Amin.* Charitable youth,  
If thou beest such, thinke not I will maintaine  
So strange a wrong, and for thy sisters sake,  
Know, that I could not thinke that desperate thing  
I durst not doe, yet to inioy this world  
I would not see her, for beholding thee,  
I am I know not what, if I haue ought  
That may content thee, take it, and be gone,  
For death is not so terrible as thou,  
Thine eies shoote guilt into me.

*Aspat.* Thus she swore,  
Thou wouldst behaue thy selfe and giue me words  
That would fetch teares into my eies, and so  
Thou doest indeed, but yet she bad me watch,  
Least I were cossend, and be sure to fight  
Ere I returnd.

*Amin.* That must not be with me,  
For her ile die directly, but against her  
Will neuer hazard it.

*Aspat.* You must be vrgd, I doe not deale vnciuilly with  
those that dare to fight, but such a one as you  
Must be vsd thus.

*She strikes him.*

*Amin.* I prethee youth take heed,

L

Thy



## The Maydes Tragedy.

Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
Aboue mine honour, that I can indure  
All this, good gods ---- a blow I can indure,  
But stay not, least thou draw a timelesse death  
Vpon thy selfe.

*Aspat.* Thou art some prating Fellow,  
One that has studied out a trick to talke  
And moue soft barded people; to be kickt *She kickes him*  
Thus to be kickt ---- why should he be so slow *aside.*  
In giuing me my death.

*Amint.* A man can beare  
No more and keepe his flesh, forgieue me then,  
I would indure yet if I could, now shew  
The spirit thou pretendest, and vnderstand  
Thou hast no houre to liue, what dost thou meane, *they fight*  
Thou canst not fight, the blowes thou makst at me  
Are quite besides, and those I offer at thee  
Thou spreadst thine armes, and takst vpon thine brest  
Alas defencelesse.

*Aspat.* I haue got enough,  
And my desire, there is no place so fit  
For me to die as here.

*Ent. Euadne.*

*Euad.* *Amintor* I am loaden with euents  
That flie to make thee happy, I haue ioyes  
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs  
And settle thee in thy free state againe,  
It is *Euadne* still that followes thee  
But not her mischiefes.

*Amint.* Thou canst not foole me to beleue agen,  
But thou hast lookes and things so full of newes  
That I am stald.

*Euad.* Noble *Amintor* put off thy amaze,  
Let thine eies loose, and speake, am I not faire,  
Lookes not *Euad*: beatiuous with these rites now  
Were those houres halfe so louely in thine eyes  
When our hands met before the holy man,  
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,

Since

# The Maydes Tragedy.

Since I knew ill I was not free till now.

*Amint.* There is presage of some important thing  
About thee which it seemes thy tongue hath lost,  
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

*Euad.* In this consists thy happinesse and mine,  
Ioy to *Aminor* for the *King* is dead.

*Amint.* Those haue most power to hurt vs, that we loue  
We lay our sleeping liues within their armes,  
Why thou hast raisd vp mischief to his height  
And found one, to out-name thy other faults,  
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,  
But all thy life is a continued ill,  
Blacke is thy coulour now, disease thy nature  
Ioy to *Aminor*, thou hast toucht a life  
The very name of which had power to chaine  
Vp all my rage, and tame my wildest wrongs.

*Euad.* Tis done, and since I could not finde a way  
To meete thy loue so cleare, as through his life  
I cannot now repent it.

*Amint.* Cudst thou procure the gods to speake to me,  
To bid me loue this woman, and forgiue,  
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold  
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast  
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death  
From my slow hand, this keepes night here  
And throwes an vnknowne Wildernesse about me.

*Aspat.* Oh oh oh.

*Amint.* No more persue me not.

*Euad.* Forgiue me then and take me to thy bed,  
We may not part.

*Amint.* Forbeare be wise, and let my rage go this way.

*Euad.* Tis you that I would stay, not it.

*Amint.* Take heed it will returne with me.

*Euad.* If it must be I shall not feare to meete it,  
Take me home.

*Amint.* Thou Monster of crueltie, forbeare.

*Euad.* For heauens sake looke more calme,

## The Maydes Tragedy.

Thine eyes are crueller, then thou canst make thy sword.

*Amint.* Away, away thy knees are more to me then violence,

I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me,  
For that I must not grant, for Gods sake stand,

*Euad.* Receiue me then.

*Amint.* I dare not stay, thy language,

In midst of all my anger, and my griefe,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And saies I lou'd thee once, I dare not stay,

There is no end of womans reasoning.

*leaves her.*

*Euad.* *Aminio* thou shalt loue me now againe,

Go I am calme. farwell, And peace for euer.

*Euadne* whom thou hast will die for thee. *Kills herselfe.*

*Amint.* I haue a little humane nature yet

Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand. *Returnes.*

*Euad.* Thy hand was welcome but it came too late,

Oh I am lost the heauie sleepe makes hast.

*Aspat.* Oh oh oh.

*Amint.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele

A starke affrighted motion in my blood,

My soule growes weary of her house, and I

Allouer am a trouble to my selfe,

There is some hidden power in these dead things

That calls my selfe vnto 'em, I am cold,

Be resolute, and beare'em company,

Theres something yet which I am loath to leaue,

Theres man enough in me to meete the feares

That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse

Of death I durst not meete the bouldest way,

Yet still betwixt the reason and thea &

The wrong I to *Aspat* did stand vvp,

I haue not such another fault to answer,

Though she may iustly arme her selfe with scorne

And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,

When I haue paid to her in teares my sorrow,



# The Maydes Tragedy.

I will not leaue this act vnſatisfied,  
If all thats left in me can answer it.

*Aspat.* Was it a dreame? There ſtands *Amintor* ſtill,  
Or I dreame ſtill.

*Amint.* How doeſt thou? ſpeake, receiue my loue & helpe:  
Thy blood climbs vp to his old place againe,  
Theres hope of thy recouerie.

*Aspat.* Did you not name *Aspatia*?

*Amint.* I did.

*Aspat.* And talkt of teares and ſorrow vnto her.

*Amint.* Tis true, and till theſe happie ſignes in thee  
Staid my courſe, it was thither I was going.

*Aspat.* Thou art there already, and theſe wounds are here:  
Thoſe threats I brought with me, ſought not reuenge,  
But came to fetch this bleſſing from thy hand.

I am *Aspatia* yet.

*Amint.* Dare my ſoule euer looke abroad agen?

*Aspat.* I ſhall ſure liue *Amintor*, I am well,  
A kinde of healthfull ioy wanders within me.

*Amint.* The world wants lines to excuſe thy loſſe,  
Come let me beare thee to ſome place of helpe.

*Aspat.* *Amintor* thou muſt ſtay, I muſt reſt here,  
My ſtrength begins to diſobey my will.

How doſt thou my beſt ſoule? I would faine liue,  
Now if I could, wouldſt thou haue loued me then?

*Amint.* Alas, all that I amſ not worth a haire  
From thee.

*Aspat.* Giue me thine hand, mine eyes grow vp & downe,  
And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous licke.

Haue I thy hand, *Amintor*?

*Amint.* Thou greateſt bleſſing of the world, thou haſt.

*Aspat.* I doe belceue thee better then my ſenſe,  
Oh I muſt goe, farewell.

*Amint.* She ſounds: *Aspatia*. Helpe, for Gods ſake: water,  
Such as may chaine life euer to this frame.

*Aspatia*, ſpeake: what no helpe? yet I ſoole,  
He chaſe her temples, yet there nothing ſtirs.

# The Maydes Tragedy.

Some hidden power tell her *Amintor* calls,  
And let her answer me: *Aspatia* speake.  
I haue heard, if there be any life, but bow  
The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.  
Oh she is gone, I will not leaue her yet.  
Since out of iustice we must challenge nothing,  
Ile call for mercy if youle pittie me,  
You heauenly powers, and lend forth some few yeeres  
The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.  
No comfort comes, the gods denie me too.  
Ile bow the body once againe: *Aspatia*.  
The soule is fled for euer, and I wrong  
My selfe, so long to loose her companie.  
Must I talke now? Heres to be with thee loue. *Kills himselfe.*

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* This is a great grace to my Lord to haue the new King  
come to him, I must tell him he is entring. Oh God, helpe,  
helpe.

*Enter Lysip. Melant. Call. Diph. Strato.*

*Lys.* Wheres *Amintor*?

*Strat.* O there, there.

*Lys.* How strange is this?

*Call.* What should we doe here?

*Mel.* These deaths are such acquainted things with me,  
That yet my heart dissolues not. May I stand  
Stiffe here for euer: eyes call vp your teares,  
This is *Amintor*: heart, he was my friend,  
Melt, now it flowes, *Amintor* giue a word  
To call me to thee.

*Amint.* Oh.

*Mel.* *Melantius* calls his friend *Amintor*, oh thy armes  
Are kinderto me then thy tongue,  
Speake, speake.

*Amint.* What?

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the sounds  
That euer I shall heare againe.

*Diph.* Oh brother here lies your sister slaine,

You

## The Maydes Tragedy

You loose your selfe in sorrow there.

*Mel.* Why *Dip.* it is

A thing to laugh at in respect of this,

Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Sonne,

All that I had, speake once againe

What youth lies slaine there by thee.

*Amint.* Tis *Aspatia*,

My last is said, let me giue vp my soule

Into thy bosome.

*Call.* Whats that, whats that *Aspatia*?

*Mel.* I neuer did repent the greatnesse of heart till now,

It will not burst at need.

*Call.* My daughter, dead here too, and you haue all fine  
new trickes to greiue, but I nere knew any but direct  
crying.

*Mel.* I am a Pratler, but no more.

*Diph.* Hold Brother.

*Lisp.* Stop him.

*Diph.* Fie how vnmanly was this offer in you,

Does this become our straine.

*Call.* I know not what the matter is, but I am  
Growne very kinde, and am friends with you all now

You haue giuen me that among you will kill me

Quickly, but Ile go home and liue as long as I can. *Exit.*

*Mel.* His spirit is but poore, that can be kept.

From death for want of weapons,

Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough

To stop my breath, or if you tie downe those,

I vow *Amintor* I will neuer eate

Or drinke, or sleepe, or haue to doe with that

That may preserue life, this I sweare to keepe.

*Lisp.* Looke to him tho, and beare those bodies in

May this a faire example be to me.

To rule with temper, for on lustfull Kings

Vnlookt for suddaine deaths from God are sent,

But curst is he that is their instrument.



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